DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 073 701 EM 010 895

AUTHOR	Howard, Brice
TITLE	Videospace and Image Experience.
INSTITUTION	National Center for Experiments in Television, San Francisco, Calif.
SPONS AGENCY	Corporation for Public Broadcasting, Washington, D.C.; Rockefeller Foundation, New York, N.Y.
PUB DATE	72
NOTE	192p.
EDRS PRICE	MF-$0.65 HC-$6.58
DESCRIPTORS	*Art; Art Expression; Art Materials; *Creativity; *Technological Advancement; *Television; Video Tape Recordings

ABSTRACT

Television as a medium for art is only beginning to be explored. This book, while noting rather than attempting to detail the possibilities and technologies involved, presents one author's thoughts on the subject and extended examples. (RH)

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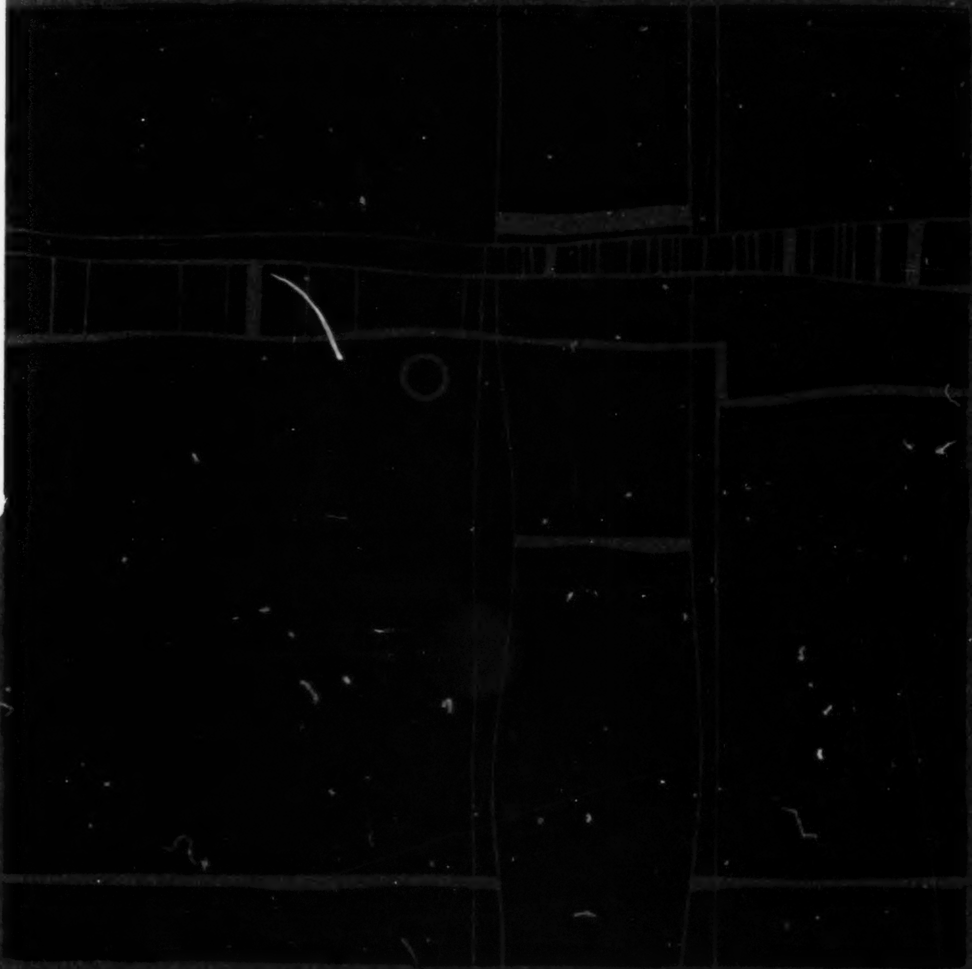

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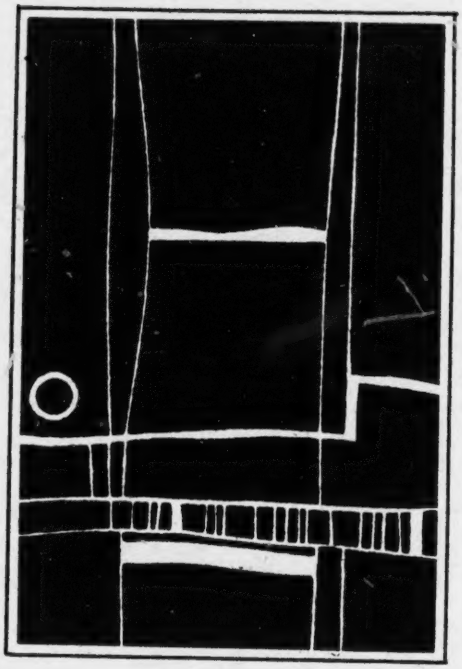

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National Center for Experiments in Television 1972

This writing is intended for those who feel the ubiquitous presence of television, who will challenge its conventions, who will insist that those who acknowledge responsibility for its work make known their intentions. And be responsible in truth.

These I have in mind.

I have in mind also that youthful personna in each of us, that marvelous human we once were who looked toward the future and wondered why our elders insisted that it be like their past and why they refused the perfectly obvious queries offered. I have in mind that young visionary in all of us who still occasionally emerges in simplicity and candor asking ancient questions: why must it be this way? Why can't we see? What is greater than human affection and respect? I have in mind that wise young voice we all know intimately: why are things more valuable than being, than animacy and health? What is property that it be cherished beyond life?

I have in mind that portion of consciousness we call life affirming.

Given that as a point of departure, it would not be surprising for some to ask: What has such a perspective to do with television?

Now, for those who would ask the question, a broader relationship must be drawn. For, until recently, television has been regarded only as a function of industrial power and the marketplace. And there are many of us who have not been able to think of it in other than these terms; that is to say, we have thought of television as being out of our hands. Others have been responsible, not us.

Obviously, this is changing.

And it is with respect to possibilities inherent in this change that my perspective is focusing.

Though upon first observation this change may appear to emerge from technology only, there is more of a non-technical nature which is equally relevant.

For instance: there appears to be a growing movement in our culture toward identification of responsibilities and intentions. Whether or not such can be strictly attributed to young people (as some have said), its energy is affecting us all. In various and subtle ways, many of us are insisting that responsibility be verified and accounted for, that intentions be clearly stated.

There are some who may say there is nothing new about this. This is not change. And, indeed, if it is true, its influence will dissolve with so-called maturing pragmatism. But what may make this generational movement different and important insofar as television is concerned is that technical developments are making it possible for individuals to accept responsibility for what they do.

Tools, distribution means, display surfaces, economic availability and viability are changing. We may have greater choice. And we can be responsible for what we choose.

The television generation has come of age. And it appears to insist on more human-centered, process-oriented, individually responsible acts.

It is to this condition I direct myself, as well.

Television can be regarded seriously in such contexts as these: as something other than a means of profiting in great sums of money; as something other than a sophisticated means of distribution.

It can be thought of as a way of generating and interconnecting images of man more richly composed, more responsible to human spirit and intellect, rooted in ancient imagination.

Television experience need not be determined by nor dependent upon big business, big institutions, or big government.

These are possibilities which lie before us and can draw us together.

If we choose.

If we responsibly choose.

And choice is what much of living is about. Social creatures as we are, we are also individuals. To exercise choice is to exercise our individuality. Individually, we must responsibly ensure that choice is available.

For some, it is dreary and debilitating to anticipate only the old television, the old prime time television space.

There are many in our human society who care little for art, though even they are influenced by the perceptual act any single work may represent. Many among us are comforted and stimulated only by what is conventional; still, even they must subsequently move with generational change.

Some of us are motivated primarily by instincts for power and authority. Others by service. And there are those who see the former as the latter.

And for more of us than most of us care to recognize, there is little more to motivate being than one's quest for survival.

As always in the history of man, technical change is at least one part of evolution's density. The invention of new tools, the extrapolation from old tools to new uses and ways, is always present and influential in the life of man.

We in American culture are on the crest of an evolutionary wave-pulse — from foot, hand, speech toward image. Electronic tools which we have invented, or have been given us, are forcing the change. Our cultural portion of human consciousness has become deeply involved with electricity.

Our use of electricity as material can tell us a lot about ourselves. This material as image may be a precise and inviting clue. Electricity is both image and material.

Can we disregard this? Can we decide that this most recent accelerated development is inappropriate to our human intent?

No, it is too late for that. Electrical material and image are omnipresent. We cannot give them back to the past.

So, we must live with them. And choose how we shall live.

Some do not think about this at all. And perhaps the reason is simply that they do not perceive electricity this way. Since it can't be walked on, can't be held in one's hand, it is not reality. They are still building permanence, are still supporting schemes to move things around. For them, material is perceived as solid only.

The material identified as electricity or as electromagnetic energy is not solid. Yet, it is formable; it is shapable.

And since it is ours to use, we may decide what for; what shape we need and want it to be.

Society is complex. It is difficult for individuals to perceive and exercise choice; it is the exercise of individual choice which makes society possible.

So, in the end, each of us must choose.

There are those among us who draw much of their faith and energy from that tradition called art.

Some of these recognized electricity or electromagnetic energy as material a long time ago; from oil, candle, gas to electric light. They've given form and shape to this material. They have expressed our passing and our condition. They have made art.

And their art can be described as image.

Responding to technical change, to new tools, they have given us new form.

Only a short while ago in the span of human time, television appeared amongst us.

Its system-characteristics are an extension of precise technology.

Tool-makers make tools for specific purposes: to get specific tasks accomplished; to get specific work done.

We shall have to wait for gifted and conscientious historians to tell us what work the television tool-makers had in mind. But one aspect of their intent is clear: their tools were invented to move moving pictures through the air from one place to another.

That which appears (is moved and re-appears) is image.

Electrical material is the substance of these images.

It is essential that artists who employ conventional television tools understand this. Once they do, conventions will change; for, exploration, discovery and change are inherent in the artists' milieu.

This recognition is not the sole responsibility of artists, however.

Those of us not so gifted must recognize this new material, as well; it is very likely the essential building material of American society. And because of our universal influence on the other populations of our planet, it will undoubtedly proliferate for all human civilization.

It is unreasonable to anticipate any human future without electricity or electromagnetic energy at our civilizing center.

So, we must choose how to live with this likelihood. However we choose, we must know that electrically generated images will be present. And may even replace those images which have preceded them.

Images have become, and will continue to be, part of man's reality.

Just as with the word, we can ask: what does the image stand for?

Or, from another perspective, we can ask: is the image, itself, experience?

On first consideration, the answers to either of these questions might appear quite simple. Further reflection may prove otherwise.

Indeed, conventional television is worth pondering in this connection.

Television technology permits us to generate and distribute moving pictures. This is manifest in two ways: (1) those moving pictures pre-recorded and (2) those moving pictures representing actual, on-going experience in shared and common time.

In one, the idea of image is clear. In the other, it is not.

If image is connected with past time, it clearly stands for something.

If image is connected with present time, it seems to be something else. It is very close to experience when it is live.

It is either close to, or it is, itself, experience.

How allied these questions are to the notion of trust!

When it is important to us, our beings tend to urge us to seek the difference. When images representing past time are made to stand for (or, at least, look and sound like) ongoing life, we trust the makers and purveyors of those images will tell us. When they don't, it's because they and we assume that the situation in which this occurs is fictional, is theatrical.

The converse of this abounds in trust. If the distributed images are occurring as time-present we and the purveyors must assume no fiction, no theater. We trust this is true.

The characteristics of conventional television distribution substantiate this inference of trust, primarily because that which occurs does so in the private, intimate living space of the home.

Yet, whether fictional or non-fictional, that which is perceived is totally imagistic. There is nothing emanating from the piece of glass but image. And the material is electromagnetic radiance.

With or without sound, there is nothing else there except its technical support system.

Respecting this relationship, particularly in time-present, image appears very like experience. Does the image stand for something, or is it, itself, alone? Do we intend that it be metaphor, or symbol, or do we intend that it be only what it is?

Given the enormous presence of television in contemporary American life, it is likely that no members of the human family have ever had to carry such burden of responsibility as do those who make and purvey the electrically generated images which appear in our homes.

And now the artist has taken up the tools of television.

He has already begun to change them. For some time to come, his surface will be a piece of glass, his material, electronic flow. These, a speaker system and videotape are his minimums.

What do past time, present time, and the images mean to him?

Will he tell us stories drawing his references from theater/motion picture history? Or will he perform as on a musical instrument? If he chooses to do so, and there are others like him, will he insist on a new kind of score, a new composer, to make their performance one?

Will he become an electronic painter, as some are already naming him?

The answers are in how he regards the image.

His is the same question as ours.

How shall we live with electrical material?

Part of this question is not new for the artist. In one way or another, he has always lived with image. What is new for him in contemporary life is an increased access to this electrical material.

Relatively low cost tools and surfaces are available to him now. Half a million dollars is no longer needed to purchase what is necessary for the making of works.

Nonetheless, it is easy for him to be confounded.

His most apparent referent is the old movie/television studio. He has not been particularly welcome in these, so he has little experience. Furthermore, the technology is considerly more complex than most he has employed previously. Understandably, he feels the dominance and influence of the engineer/technologist. And this is a somewhat new relationship for him to explore.

Again, though distribution is not a new consideration for artists, distribution as it relates to electrical phenomena and electromagnetic fields of retention is new.

Whereas historically the artist's work is contained in the object he creates, in electrical environments the object is exclusively imagistic. The only product that can be possibly identified as object is a videotape record of the art.

Now, here again we are faced with time-past/time-present. It is both subtle and discrete. And it, as a source of reflection, cannot be ignored.

Many aspects of this abound.

Functionally, of course, the central question is: what is original?

If our newer artist chooses to perform his work in shared time, the original will be shared experience retained in memory.

If he does not choose this way, the original will be the master record of the time-composed work.

In this mode he has, again, other choices. Either he may pass the master on to someone else, or he may retain it, and share copies of it with others.

There is a literary analogy that may serve in clarifying this: a recording of the original experience may be either the handwritten work itself, or a printed version.

Traditionally, the latter means has been the predominant choice.

And so it will not be surprising if the new video artist does not follow a similar course. Videotape will be his distribution means, or, his "publication".

Where the analogy may be no longer appropriate is when he realizes that he, himself, will be responsible for his own recording. His master will be of his own making.

Here, clarity begins to appear: what making process will he elect? If he excludes time-present in this process, he will be removing himself from one unique aspect of this newest material, electronic flow.

Since the convention he has to draw from includes theater/motion picture attitudes and references, he is going to be tempted by time-past.

Wherever time has been recognized as the making edge, the artist has had this confrontation.

Any history of any art also includes a history of the making process. The question, "how was it made?", permeates much of our thought about works of art. It is certainly not necessarily the dominant theme in all our responses, but for those who would learn to make, it must be very central.

For those who will make works as video artists, images, time-present, and the recording will always be organic to the making process. Except for those who elect to instrumentalize performances in time-present, these three elements are inseparable.

All time arts, whether their object be personally embodied or not, have these three inseparable elements interlocked when they are not presented live.

This has always been a troublesome trio for artists, albeit little understood by the critic/non-artist and the others.

This may be the very reason television's impact on our culture has been, for many, such a dilemma. We have made little or no effort to understand the relationship between image and making process.

When we humans choose to express ourselves in formal terms, we are always representing. What we make for one another can be described as representations of the experience we've had, the experience we'd enjoy having, or the one we're having in our heads. Mostly it's a representation of something we care about.

When we make anything in formal terms, it's always a representation.

It's the word "formal" that keys that idea, of course. When we use a tool, we're being formal. When the tools we use are designed for the materials we use, we are in a formal way. Where specific tools are designed for particular materials we are becoming very consciously formal. And what we make formally is always a representation of something.

Representations are very real, and can evoke very real responses. It seems that much of the history of human experience attests to this, and that any confusion we may have has to do with our unclarity about representation and responses; that is, when we are referring to formal matters. We can't let ourselves pretend that the representation is the original impulse. It's only a grasp of it, a wisp of it. The original was probably better. We have to believe that. And, above all, we musn't pretend that belief.

Some people don't like to think about art. Perhaps such a concept is much too formal. Or, perhaps, instinctively, they don't like representations of life. They prefer the original.

All right. No quarrel. These are valid reasons.

But if we're going to think about art, then we have to think about formal matters.

In life we evolve. The evolution is so vast no single individual can perceive or comprehend the magnitude of passing.

Some of us experience this in formal terms and have gathered rites, rituals, and theologies around us to attest to it. Others have a different idea of this profound process. Religion will not serve them. Such people find science a formal means of satisfaction.

But let us imagine an art -- a formal means -- which will aid us in expressing this wonder of evolving, this becoming.

It is not inappropriate that we consider this; for, besides religion, science, and all the rest of it, we also have art as a means of expressing our interest, our consciousness, our caring.

Let us extend our imaginations further to include not only an art which embodies evolving, but one which readily accepts -- indeed begs, perhaps -- for our portion.

Such an art may be electronic.

This may be something new at hand.

"That which is becoming" is a way to describe the experience which occurs in electronic art.

That which confirms the experience is not a formal object. It is a formal process. That is because time is an inherent part of the nature of electronic flow.

And electrons flowing constitute the material of this newer art.

As we recognize this, all manner of possibilities gather in consciousness.

For one thing, it may be possible now for us to engage time as a visual component of composition. We're sophisticated about this matter with respect to sound. Musical composition attests to this. Now, we may be able to visualize process. Electronic flow introduces us to this possibility.

And with it, we confront the edge.

The edge. Edges.

What do these words -- edge, edges -- signify? What are we trying to identify?

Time was when people were satisfied to put every sort of experience into categories. (Sort of experience).

But something is changing, also. Classification, yes. Definition, yes. But if we come down too hard the edge won't hold.

What is an edge?

At least it's separation. A cutting edge separates. Arrival at an edge tells us what we're leaving, and where we might be going. The point is, we're moving -- whether organically through volume environments, or mentally through spaciousness inseparable.

To recognize an edge is to act maturely. But recognizing is not the whole act. Movement, evolving, becoming, continues. And the continuum is in our art. To perceive that maturely is very, very difficult for most. Impossible for some; for a few, the miracle is that, if it is wisely shared, it touches us all in one way or another.

For these latter -- be they prophets, mathematicians, or artists -- the mature perception transcends the edge.

Something special is happening amongst us today. We are mixing each other, and because of this the edges are blurring. Surely we will discover new definition again, and evolve with that. And imagining continuum out ahead, we are reminded that another change will occur.

And the edges will blur again.

But, for the moment we're in it. We are mixing and mixed. And the edges are blurring.

One way to express ourselves at this portion of the continuum may find electronics at least as valuable as traditional modes.

And if we can learn to employ electrons as human expression formally, we may help ourselves along.

Art is our meeting place.

Let us remind ourselves that every time we make anything, we make a representation of something else.

Once it's made, it, too, may be regarded as original. And from it, other representations can be made. But, we must be clear about that which we make. It's very troublesome to get into this. But we must make every effort to keep clear about continuum and process.

Continuum and process are ongoing; they are another way of identifying what we mean by the word "evolution", or "evolving." Consciousness is awareness of the continuum. Consciousness constructs the edges.

When we make something we combine consciousness and continuum. That which we make represents -- stands for -- both.

But it stands there as representations.

And that's the way it was.

Representation is always a configuration of some portion of past consciousness. The representation may bristle with a sense of presence. And acute perception of it may seem a manifestation of a present. But the object itself is a representation of time gone.

Electron flow is a unique manifestation of continuum. Therefore, when electron flow is regarded as material to employ formally, those who employ it -- and it, itself -- are concurrent.

Tape technology has evolved as a means of retaining electronic flow.

So those who employ this material formally can compose it for tape retention.

That which has been made can be made to occur again and again by rewinding the tape and letting it unwind the gathering of images that represent the past state of consciousness.

If the maker, the tools, the material and the tape are conformed to the consciousness to be represented, then a work of art may be retained for duplication and playback.

That's a marvelous possibility if we're willing.

How shall we go? Why might it serve us to take this newer form seriously?

In America, at least, most of us enjoy a personal architectural space in which a number of electronic connections are made.

Much of what occurs as a consequence of these connections serves us in varying degrees of utility; sound recording systems, radio, and television can be included.

Electronic art is cousin to these three.

The cousins are related most significantly, perhaps, by the representative nature of their family heritage.

Sound playback systems, radio, and television each deal with representations. Even a so-called live broadcast in either of the latter two media is a representation of the actual event. Indeed, to be very precise, even a live broadcast is a recorded representation of that event. No radio or television broadcast technology could conceivably be employed to pass on the total experience. It must be clear to all of us that even in what we regard as the best of these, a low order of selectivity is involved.

Art, by its formal nature, tends toward higher orders of selectivity.

But, in all cases, that which occurs is representative of something. It is not the passing thing itself.

Since, for most Americans, electronic connections are part of our personal architectural space, it is not unreasonable for us to consider how we might enlarge the possibilities for higher orders of selection. The technology is there anyway. It will improve and increase in versatility. How can it serve us better?

We may be at that portion of continuum and process where we can interconnect personal architectural space with evolving culture in more selective and personal ways. There may be new evolutionary connections.

And, of course, new art.

Possibly because television monitors have been employed as illusionistic surfaces, images comprising representative (or "realistic") content are thought to be the only indigenous ones. And, respecting habits developed over the brief viewing experience of broadcast years, it would seem reasonable to think this way. It is not necessarily true, however.

It is also possible to generate and to perceive a formal experience composed of electrons evolving on such surfaces precisely as they are, not as metaphors of something else. These images may be the only truly indigenous ones.

But between acknowledging such possibility and creating a work of such character, an artist must also acknowledge a rigorous and new discipline. And at the core of this discipline is time.

Such a formal passing, being that which it is and no more, is a vision of continuum, of flowing, of becoming.

And in this the new principles of construction are waiting; not as planes and volumes derived of Euclidian perspective, but as patterns of recognition inherent in relative motion.

Though all created work exemplifies the represented -- it being the outer manifestation of an inner fact -- the new works to which these speculations are directed embody something heretofore denied the creative mind; namely, a visualization of process. Thus, it is likely true that as this newer aspect of art emerges, we will discover that we are no longer able to refer to its product as a work. Instead, we will have to discover some identity closer to "experience".

The newer artist creating from disciplines centered in time and process will make an experience.

For, the observer of these occurrences on these electronic surfaces will be enjoying a concurrence always relative to his state of being at that time.

If that which is passing occurs, say, in ten minutes time, it is a span which is concurrent with the observer's own and singular being. He and it are becoming together. One cannot be regarded without the other.

That which he experiences is unique to him -- in a time prescribed by the artist.

And that particular time contains the artist's composition, the composition being what it is, and metaphorical only to the extent that the observer needs the metaphor to enjoy the experience.

To understand this complex relationship, the newer artist will have far to go. To perceive the new as discipline, he will have to penetrate the old.

He will no longer be satisfied with the older concepts of frames. He will now impel himself toward newer concepts of overlapping fields where edges mingle in finite wonder. No longer will he be able to compose for a blink of an eye. Now, he will need to appreciate the gift of seeing, the blinking of eyes, the dynamics of a dialogue between the stored imaging of the mind and the perceived imaging of eyes gathering fluxes.

He will have to learn context and the impact of merging series.

Like the ancient Chinese and Japanese calligraphers, he will have to train himself to trust himself so that his single act, his single gesture, will be an organic anticipation -- knowing always that something follows which is an extension and amalgamation of what began.

He will have to teach himself techniques for preparing himself for the act of consciously entering the flow of electronic matter so that he will be free to adapt to his own swift and lightning discoveries as he passes and composes amongst their passing.

There is time for this, but it is still hidden in the future.

And the critical observer?

He must wait for the artist who is being born there.

So - let us try to understand something about the making process as it can apply to television, something of the differences between conventional television image generation and emerging newer ways.

In the former, creative attitudes emphasize dissemination of information and are sustained by principles drawn from communications theory.

In the latter, these attitudes are nurtured by a long history of art, and emphasize creation of experience.

Since experience can neither be given nor received, the making process for one must be markedly different from the other.

Employing the language of conventional practice, in the former, the work is produced.

To assist us in understanding the differences between the two making processes, we will use an old word in a newer way and say the latter work is mixed.

There are profound differences between the two.

Evolution can be described as organic change.

Or, to put it another way, organic change is both ripening and fruit.

Or, natural growth; maturing in symbiotic fluxes.

And this -- or these -- are contexts for thinking about the mix.

Fruit of the mix is its experience, not its message.

And when its fruit is objectified (which is to say, capable of definition) then it has form. And if it is formal and evocative, we may call it art.

The mix is a newer way of perceiving the television making process by which man, his material, and his tools transform his inner visions into external, objective facts. Into intention and form. Into art.

One can neither command nor demand a mix.

One can command and demand a production.

The fundamental difference, of course, is in how the making process is regarded by those who participate in either of these undertakings.

There are those makers who regard that process as being more akin to evolution as organic change.

It is for them that the concept of the mix is more relevant. For them, a making is both ripening and fruit. The objective experience cannot be delivered upon demand. It can appear only through a mixture of craft and inner impulse.

For others, craft is all. And for their production, concrete reward is separate from ripening. The fruit is custom-made for another's needs. And tends more toward message than toward experience.

To mix a work is to be rewarded with invaluable and heretofore unavailable experience.

To perceive it separate from the process by which it was formed is to enjoy experience heretofore unavailable.

Unity.

We cannot demand unity of one another. We can only seek it.

And we can seek it together.

The making process centered in the mix commences with questions; in production, with concepts.

"I don't know" begins the mix.

"I know" begins the production.

The fruits of both are useful. Of one there is lasting sustenance.

Not "how do we do?" but, "what is this we do?"

In the broadest sense, there is hardly beginning and end to the mix. It is a formal centering on the in-between. We do not interrupt continuum and process; we become more aware than before. We merge identities.

There is a time indigenous to the makers and the work. It is not another's time. It is their time.

It is a most complex matter. And we are just beginning to understand.

In the mix, consciousness is not denied, as so many have inferred. Rather, consciousness invites and welcomes one's unconscious. We prepare ourselves for an in-sight.

The making process of the mix yields experience more readily than information; for, we do not always know what we know. If we know that we care, in asking "what is this we do?" we are likely to discover for what we are responsible.

To experience and respect this responsibility in the matrix of one's craft is to move closer to that history of formal experience we call art.

The nature of electronic media tends to place any single individual in a context of interdependence with others. This is not necessarily so, but likely. Though the mix as making process is perfectly reasonable for an individual, it might be essential for a number of interdependent persons who wish to create a work of art.

Unity cannot be imposed from without. Unity is drawn from within.

We do not know how the mix as making process works. We do know that it has worked when a work exists.

Images are interconnected with experience; or, as some have said, they become experience.

In either case the work is present. It is here.

The extent to which it can be referred to as a work of art is determined by many factors, of course, among which are those elements which can be directly inferred by craft and skill.

Among the unskilled and those of limited, or little, craft, a mix is hardly more than play. The result is rarely a work. It is certainly experience, but of little relevance to those beyond the making.

Works infer perceivers beyond the makers.

Works of art infer perceivers and makers met in formally composed objective reality. Through the work each experiences the other.

One can conjecture that it is because this formal character is present that experience dominates information. Information is included, but experience is the over-all.

We cannot continue without experience of form.

With respect to fields of electrically generated images, form cannot be experienced until we understand that the material with which makers objectify their insights is electrical.

Though exotic harbingers of future fields abound in our technology, at present electronic flow is manifest on relatively determined surfaces.

For sighted images, a piece of glass with phosphor particles on its inner side is the surface where our electrically generated human expressions may occur. Though we may modify its configuration by various external means, it is our primary aesthetic surface.

Whether light is converted to electricity or electricity is modified and directed within the system, electronic material is presently most manageable on these pieces of glass.

Formally then, electronic material can be composed as experience for this surface; and for a very practical purpose, this is the most legitimate surface available to us at the present time.

Let us start with that, at least.

Now, we come upon a crux of a question: since the material is a flowing, the experience is a passing, then how can it be thought of as form?

It becomes a formal composition in either of two possible ways: (1) when those who mix it do so in the context of a live performance or (2) when those who mix it render it to the magnetic fields of videotape.

Our aesthetic surface, the glass, is constant in either case. The images are manifest only thereon.

In the former, the makers and perceivers coexist, are concurrent in time. In the latter, only the makers enjoy this concurrence.

What makes the mix as making process so dynamic is this meeting in time in either case. This, and the fact that because the material is electronic flow and manifest instantly on a surface available to all -- the makers, the making and the made are concurrent, as well.

Time and process are joined in this multiple act directed to unity. Passing and accumulation are visualized as one. The formal composition has evolved amongst us. We have expressed our one.

This matter of the live performance still lies in the future. It has yet to be explored. However, it is so profoundly a part of this newest formal act of art that as these makers draw away from convention, they move closer to questions inherent in such ancient history.

Where will such performances occur? How will the glass surfaces be contained? How will walls be thought of, then -- and entrances and exits?

How shall such an experience begin? What will motivate the formal character of such performance?

Will the performers be visible? Or, only their images, their performances?

We must question all our memory and imagination will allow.

The performance of an electronic mixing unit may be regarded as the presentation of its images. Must we see the living people amongst us as this occurs? Is that a necessary part of their performance -- that they be seen?

In the literary theater it is necessary, for the performer embodies his performance. In the dance theater it is necessary for the same reason. Yet, in both, their presence is not essential, else we would not have motion picture theaters and television monitors in our times.

Some prefer one type of presentation over the other. Why? The only difference would appear to be living presence in shared, common time of space. But, that is a significant difference for some; to be sharing the same space volume and time is of great importance to them. Why?

And that of music? Why do some feel that being in the presence of an instrumentalist is important? Yet these, too, enjoy recordings of their work.

Some state of mind in each of these instances makes one different from the other.

How shall we identify and try to understand this state of mind? What are the dynamics of being in the visible presence of a performer, whether or not his physical being embodies his performance?

These are questions an electronic mixing unit must face if they choose to be performers.

We have left the conventional broadcast mode. In this newer context, we are no longer considering a piece of glass in a private living space. We are considering one or more of these surfaces in a somewhat public space.

We are speculating about image as performance.

Image is certainly the performance in a motion picture theater. In this sense, all previously recorded playback can be regarded as a presentation of images, as performance.

So, as we move toward image in public space, the question of whether or not the living presence of the image maker is important becomes central.

In the case of an electronic mixing unit, historical references will help. And they will most likely come from music.

For, in the long history of performance, only the musician employs material other than his physical being with which to give form to his expression. He employs some instrument other than himself.

At this juncture, it might be significant to point out that contemporary electronic music presentations are qualified by somewhat the same considerations. There are clearer paths to understanding here, however, for there is a long and sophisticated history embodying much theory and experience in the case of music.

With respect to electronically generated images on pieces of glass, there is very little history, and even less theory. And practically no explicit references respecting performance in public places designed for that purpose.

Clearly, in our speculations to this point, three genres of question have developed:

(1) the place
(2) living visible presence of instrumentalists
(3) image as performance played back from previously recorded experience.

And clearly, also, each of the three qualify the others.

Let us combine one and three, and proceed from there.

The key question for those who would go this way must be, as always: what is intent?

What do we intend?

Here we must propose one assumption, at the very least: whatever the space may be designed to include, minimally it must contain capacities for both sight and sound playback of previously recorded experience.

That is to say, accommodation must be made for our pieces of glass. Also, for our speakers.

Questions about entrances and exits we will put aside for the moment. These are questions of edges.

But what about direction?

Pieces of glass and speaker systems tend to be directional contexts of performance. Shall we continue this way, or shall we ask whether this is necessary?

Which is to ask: are the performed-for fixed in one direction, or do they move? Or, do the surfaces move?

We are asking questions about minimums. Our imaginations can free us to speculate on many levels about reflected light and sound, about deflected sound and light. But before we can do that, we must identify our minimum needs.

And always, as we do so, we return to a key question: what is our intent?

But what about those who may not choose to think of themselves as performers, but who elect the mix as their formal means of self-expression?

You will recall that earlier a fundamental question was raised concerning form: since the material is an electric flow, the experience is a passing; then, how can it be thought of as form?

It was answered as follows: it becomes a formal composition in either of two possible ways: (1) when those who mix it do so in the context of a live performance, or (2) when those who mix it render it to the magnetic fields of videotape.

In either case, the visual manifestation occurs on a piece of glass.

That which occurs there need not be thought of as performance.

A cursory exploration has been made respecting image as performance. A number of questions concerning place and attitude (or intent) have developed.

Now, our attention is being drawn to a subtle shift -- away from image as performance, and toward image as representation of interdependent artists formalizing their meeting.

Those who identify their making this way are not performing with instruments. They are creating their work with tools. The two-dimensional glass is an aesthetic surface upon which they form images. They are less like musicians, more like painters.

What makes this so difficult a matter to understand is that time is the very edge upon which both so-called performers and non-performers balance their gift.

When we regard a flow of electrons as the formal material, then we must be conscious of time. We cannot think otherwise.

Time and performance being inseparable, those whose material embodies time can become easily confused about themselves with respect to performance.

It is rare, and strictly metaphorical, when a painter is congratulated on his performance.

Yet here we have a medium urging us toward fresh new forms -- the image experience of which is painter-like and music-like and neither.

This new artist, whether he regards himself as performer or not, must be clear about himself with respect to the form he has chosen.

Up until this point in our speculations we have focused our attention on the visual image. This was alluded to when the minimum requirements for the new presentational space included accommodation for sound.

We must attend to this.

Because unclarity is further compounded when sound is included in the form.

The video artist enjoys two aesthetic surfaces. One for sight and one for sound.

He creates in both. The material is the same for both. Electrical energy generated as sound can modify the electrical energy generated as sight. And visa versa. Systems for each can be independent or they can be interdependent. It is the material -- electronic flow -- which makes them one.

Yes, this new artist -- this video artist, whether he regards himself as performer or not, must be clear about himself with respect to the form he has chosen.

As one watches the unfolding grace of a group of individuals initiating themselves in the impulses of a mix, one senses their interpersonal rite and play. Even a kind of dialogue grows in the mix.

The dynamics of this dialogue is less an interchange of words; it is more a meeting where imagination and skill are exchanged. And each one feeds the growing input of all.

Presence is proclaimed.

And restraint is the mark of the disciplined.

Then, something happens.

The instant is announced when someone says, "Let's record it".

A change occurs.

A psychological shift occurs.

A tension appears.

And if the interdependent persons who have contributed to the mix thus far can meet this change, this shift, this tensional difference in the process -- then their composition can be retained, to be returned again and again on videotape at will.

It is in this supremely difficult and sophisticated act that commitment is made.

But such commitment need not be made until all are ready.

To be ready may mean we must pass many times. Videotape makes this possible. The preceding commitment may be erased. And we may try again.

For some, it is this capacity which is most inviting, and which separates the new process of *the mix* most markedly from the old process of *production*.

Videotape technology, in either case, is the same.

In production there is intensive pre-planning and rehearsal. In the mix there is continuous growth intensifying one's sensitivity to others participating with him. And, of course, to the emerging unification of these multiple inputs.

Though generally and superficially both may appear similar in this description, there is a far different attitude which supports intention in each.

In the former, one objective is to communicate and to form a crucible for this communication which simulates reality of a past order. In the latter, one objective is to create a record of experience occurring in the present.

In the one, rehearsal is imperative. In the other, rehearsal is antithetical. We cannot rehearse our present. We can only rehearse what is past given.

Seeking perfection is central to attitudes in one. Seeking presence is central in the other.

In production, videotape recording is segmented. One objective is to perfect each portion, or to extract from portions such segments, as appear to successfully represent the most perfect simulation. And, in the end, to combine them in an orderly fashion compatible with intent.

In the mix, videotape recording best represents the experience enjoyed when it is a record of the whole.

When a mixing unit elects to record, its attention is centered on process, upon realization of the whole experience of making in the present. They do not rehearse to record. They record and record and record until they are satisfied the present is given.

Respecting the mix as making process, most feel that it is this supreme consciousness of time, of passing, of the evolving experience of being in the present that best sustains the creative act.

Time passing, accumulations gathering. This is most human-like. Growing from within while keeping in touch with relationships without. This is most human-like. Softening sharp edges of differences by living out intercourse with respected peers. This is human-like. Discovering and recognizing the full thrust of multiple intentions exercised by responsible others. This is to be alive. And to meet and combine these recognitions. This is to move us on.

To know one's measure of intention is to know a great deal about oneself; for, surely, we all intend. And those who would entertain the mix will learn to develop this self-awareness as a portion of new disciplines.

Old disciplines which serve are not to be discarded. The formal creative act is a very old one. But new possibilities are always apparent to those who will attend. And new disciplines must grow with natural evolution.

Either we evolve or we become extinct. Some feel the mix may be closer to one than to the other.

Questions without answers are frustrating. But we must go this way. It is the time for this. We and our culture are in dialogue together. And the outcome of this is not clear. One thing is clear, however; we must be responsible for what we do. And no responsibility is possible without commitment. No commitment is possible without our personal, human involvement. And what makes us unique among all the creatures of our world is our capacities for reflection. Reflection will not occur without the question. Nor will involvement.

Up until recently, and still the general rule, television has been an altogether derivative phenomenon. It has carried the seeds of performance and expression from other histories and other forms.

But recently, a subtle change has become recognizable. This change involves the same tools, the same material, the same surfaces. But something different is appearing.

It is more formal. It demands new recognitions and new discipline. And because in superficial respects it is like the old, those who could represent themselves by this means must not slip into superficial generalities.

What is happening is not old television. What is happening is new art.

We must make personal what we intend to do. If we are to be theater-like, then we must inform ourselves of this ancient history. If we are to be music-like, then we must turn to these sources for guidance.

If we are to be none of these, then we must discover what it is to be moving along different paths.

It is in such questions as we raise and in perseverance of our quest that we will recognize what we do.

Production commences with concepts. The realization is a record of our answering the question: how shall it be done? And usually the concept is an expression of an individual effort, an individual perception of possibility. The success of the production is measured by one individual's capacity to nurture and sustain others' intentions and skills in an intellectual, feeling, working environment for which he has accepted responsibility.

To trace the commencement of a mix is to travel deep into the inner fluxes of a number of individuals; and to lose the trace in a distant past.

A mixing unit finds itself. Someone among the many seems to "see" an emerging context. And he identifies it for the others. If the moment identifies the convergences of others' "seeing" as well, then the outward manifestation of the mix appears. This is hardly form, and yet it is a moment in which consciousness turns toward form.

Now, a living-out must follow.

The living-in has been going on for all of anyone's life.

As before, for some, this description may seem to represent both production and mix, the word "context" being used in place of "concept". But again, as before, the difference is centered in two quite fundamentally different attitudes.

In one, a single individual accepts responsibility for unity. In the other, each discovers his portion of responsibility for all -- an extremely complex matter yet little understood.

In one, definition as precise as possible structures process. In the other, symbiotic-like balances structure changing definition.

Communication is central in one.

Experience is central in the other.

So much has been received.

So much to give!

Finding perspective is difficult. Changing it is more so.

We know that from what we went through during the Renaissance (getting around Byzantium, if nothing else). So difficult the matter and so impressive the result that we've been wedged into it ever since. That is, a great many of us have.

And had it not been for Cezanne, Freud, Einstein, Schoenberg, Moore, Ghandi, Joyce and a few others, we might have got ourselves stuck again. Chardin?

But little by little we're on the move.

Beginnings, middles, and ends appear so convincing. Yet, still, Euclidian block substances are melting.

Rivers of becoming flow.

The old questions:

how do we enter
still persist.
how do we exit

A fact of the matter is this: we have entered. We have indeed.

Shall we let exits take care of themselves?

One teacher admonishing his students to pay attention said this:

"So we all know there's birth and there's death. The question is: what are we going to do with the in-between?"

Yes, indeed, finding perspective is difficult. And equally difficult is changing or even discarding it.

One wonders whether it is that central, one way or the other. Certainly a Zen Master would speak a slight shrug, if he spoke anything at all.

Possibly there may be, at least, another means, one which fluxes with relationships.

Fluxes are not perspectives.

Relationships are not perspectives.

Certainly what they are are passing somethings. They are essences and centers of continuing process — processing on toward convictions and committments melding and evolving.

See.

See?

In the old ways we seek identity in edges and definitions. In flux, however, we seek identity in meeting, discovery and recognition.

But of organic nature which naturally includes us if we are aware.

Where are edges, subliminally speaking?

Is there a geography of flux?

If there is, it must be in mind.

Let's assume that. There are infinite descriptions. Let's start from this one.

Geography of flux is mind.

Mind is relationship in flux.

New myths await the pulses of our being. Together. In noosphere.

Noosphere is stable only in the sense that it is, as it were a skin around our planet-home. It is also flux and being. Noosphere is us in mind. Molecular, chemical, electrical relationship evolving and perceived in mind.

Noosphere is the accumulating evidence of our presence informing and rebalancing our spirit of life and becoming.

Now, if we care to articulate this in artful compositions, flux and relationship is milieu, the volume, the surfaces.

The new perspective is personal and referential. And relates to the only truth one knows.

And beckons us toward new myth.

Toward noosphere.

Geography of flux is mind.

Geography of noosphere is planet-mind.

And the new arts are here.

So is renaissance; another chance.

We are noosphere-mind together.

We embody flux and relationship.

The new arts are here to cherish and nurture this possibility.

Thus, the new perspective -- if it be perspective at all -- informs us as form ourselves.

And we can recognize that we are our own form. If we are willing to depart the old perspective.

First, meeting.

Let the new arts appoint the time. The place, we know, is geography of mind.

How shall we meet?

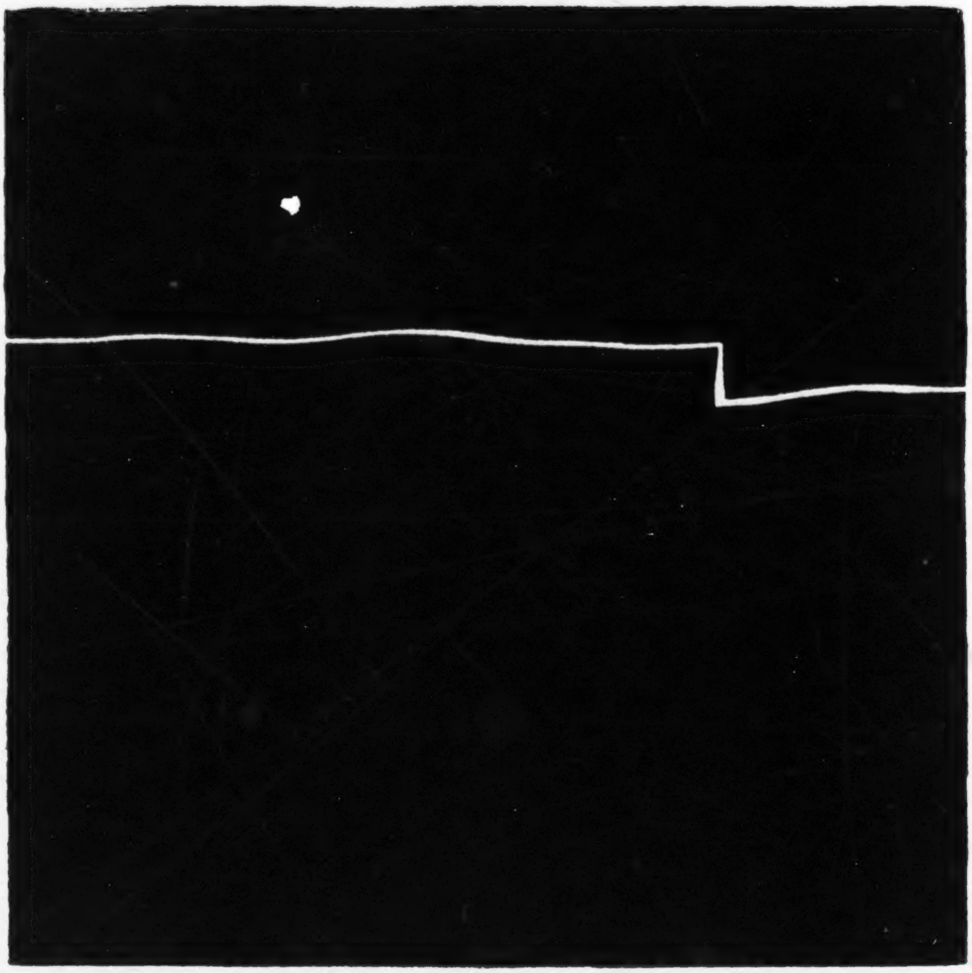
In innocence, where all is true. In imagination, where all is innocence.

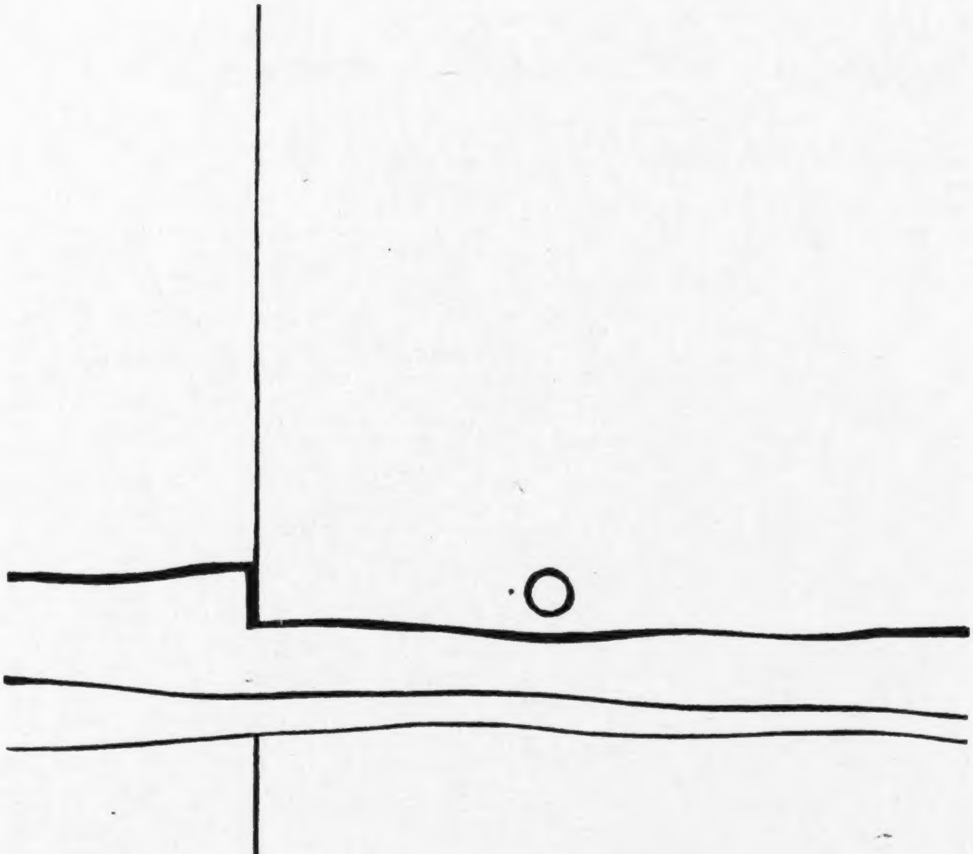
What time is passing now?

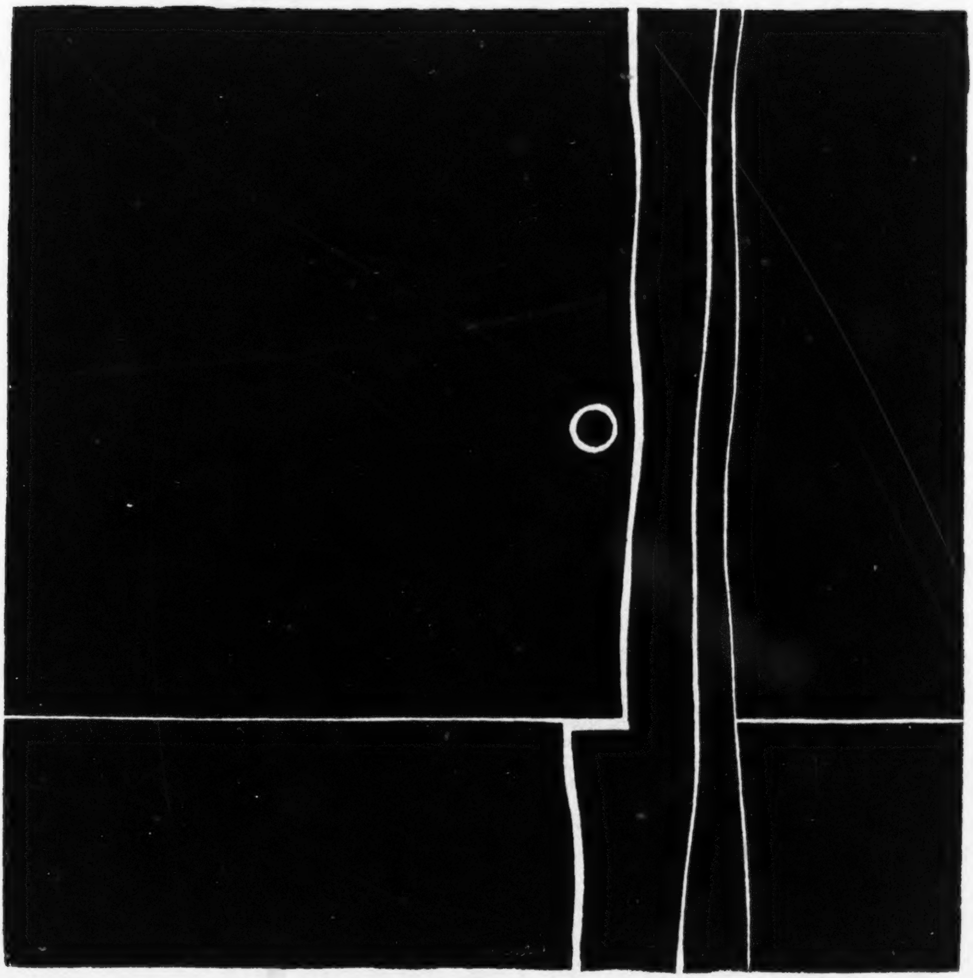
How shall we be appointed; we who are flux and relationship?

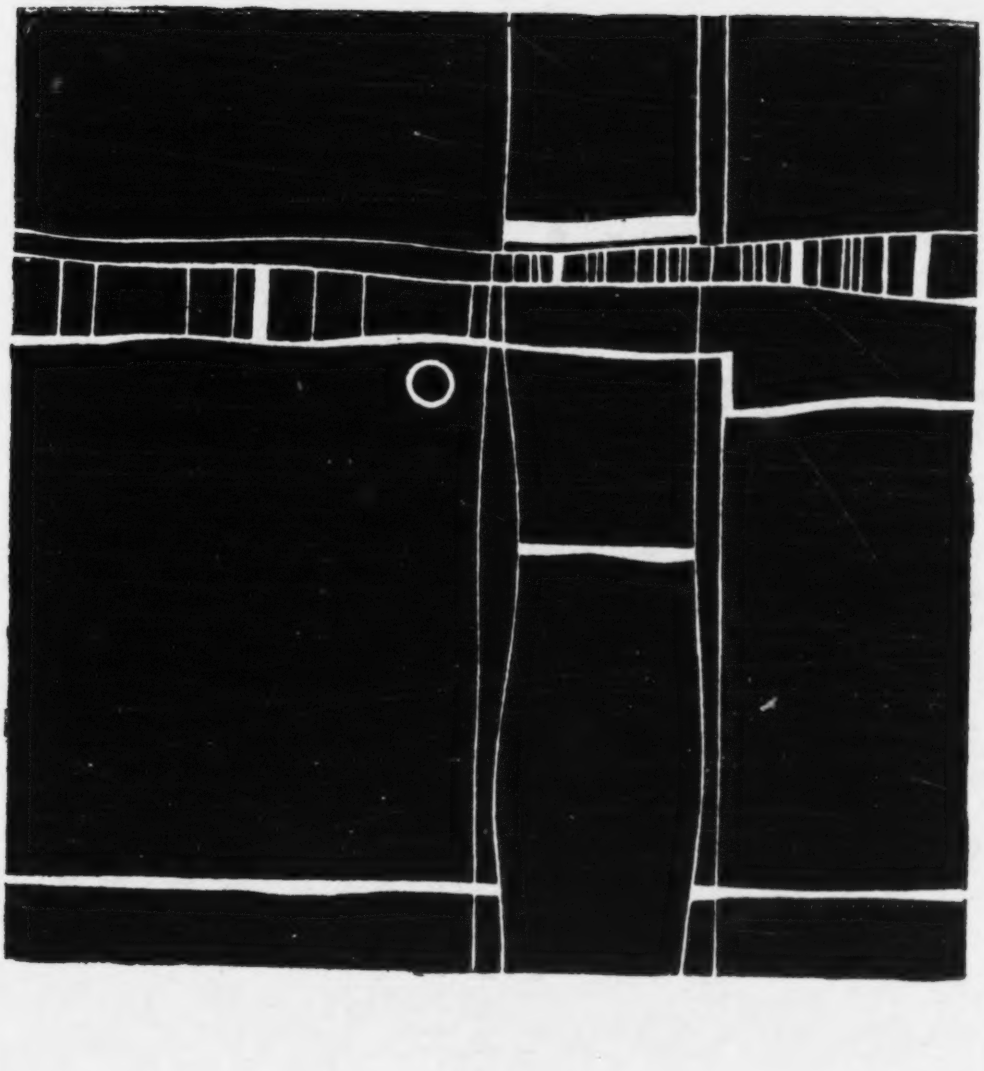
Shall we interrupt the ending, and begin in the middle?

process prints









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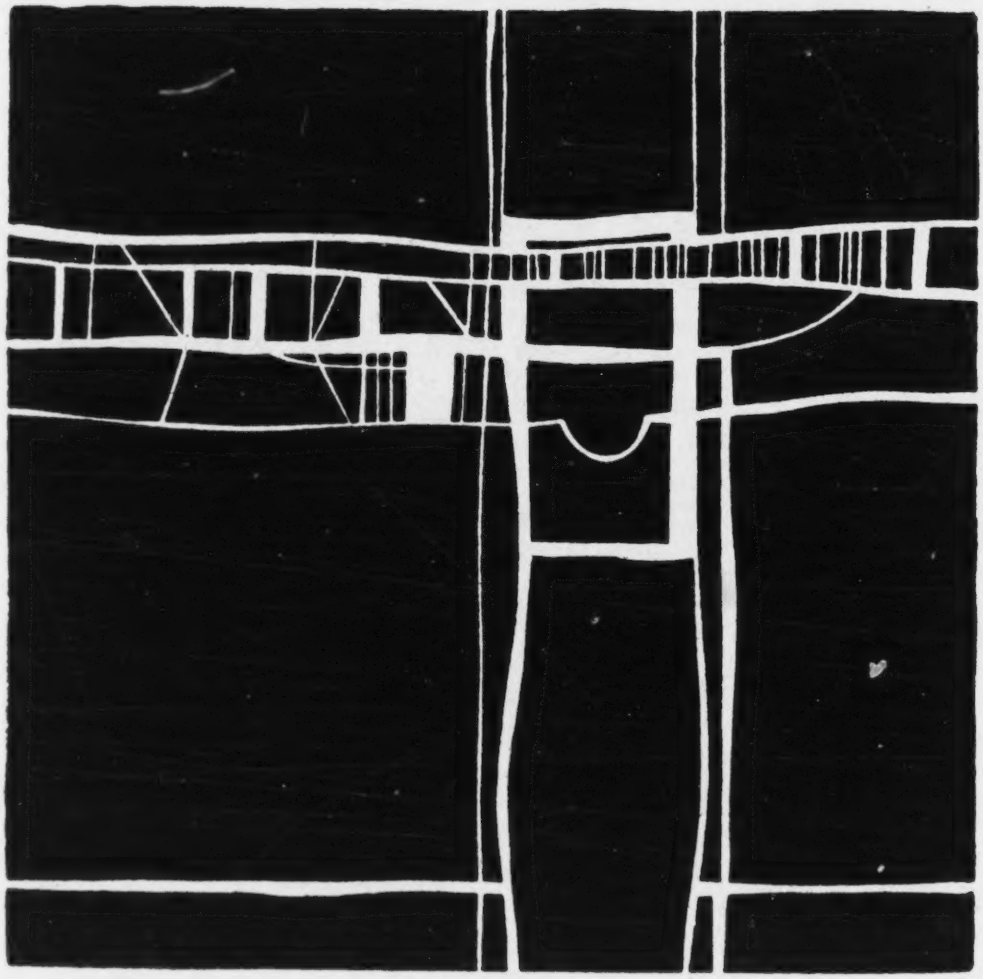

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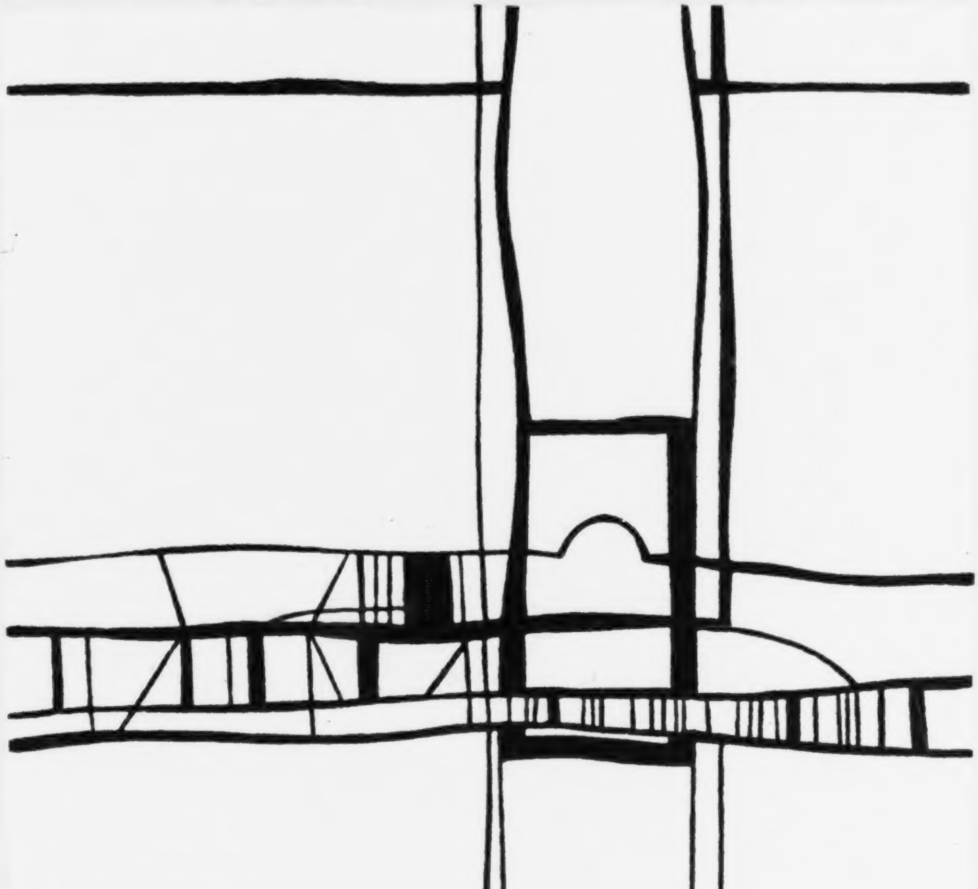

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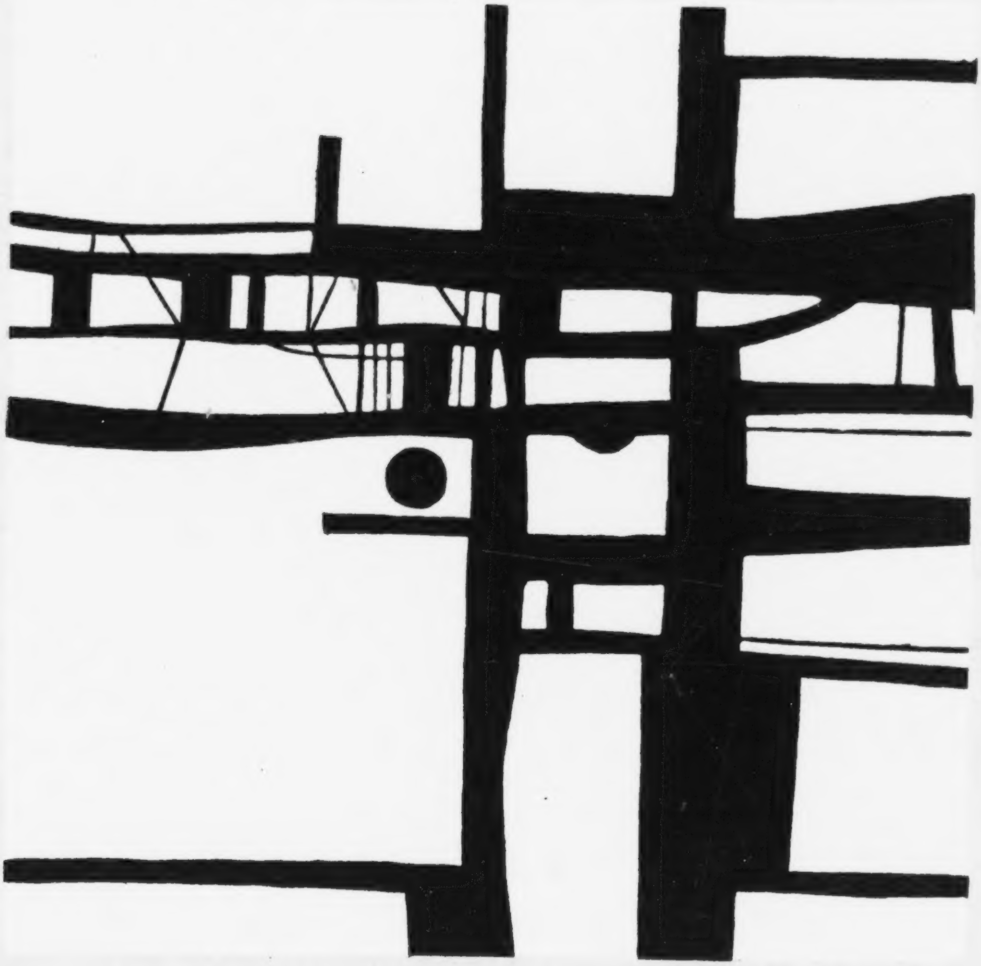

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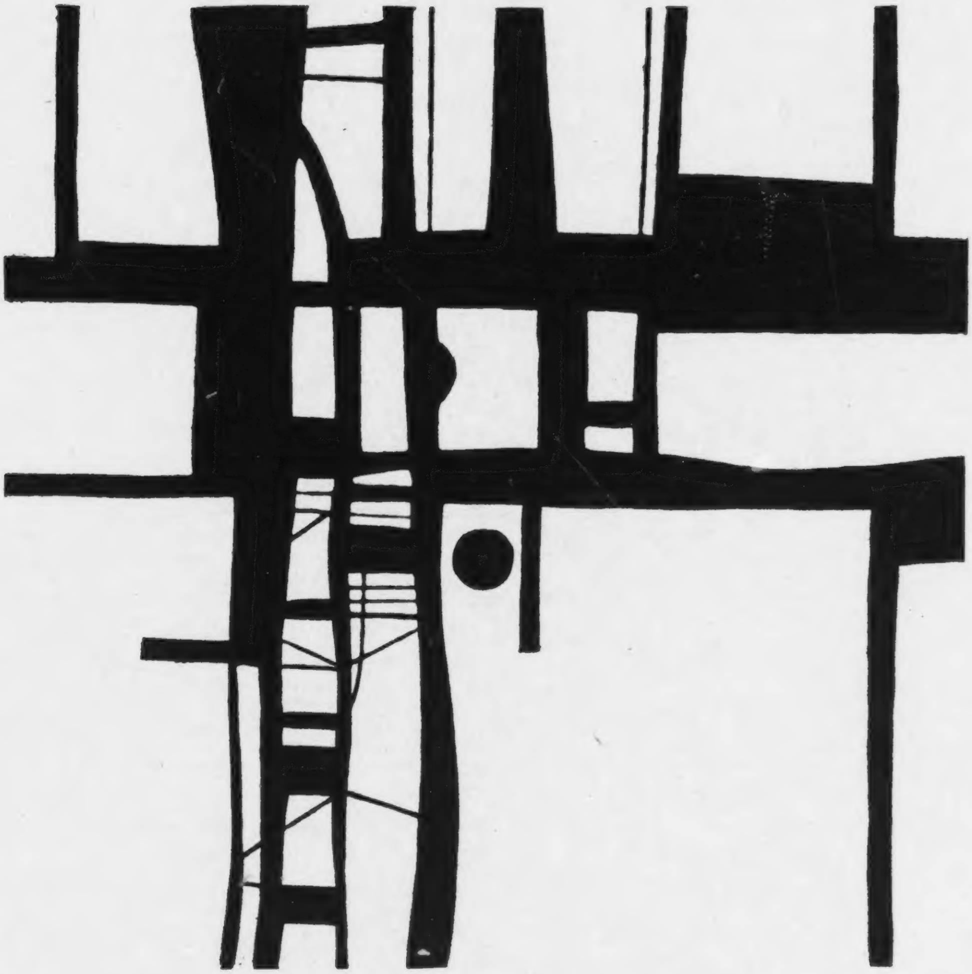

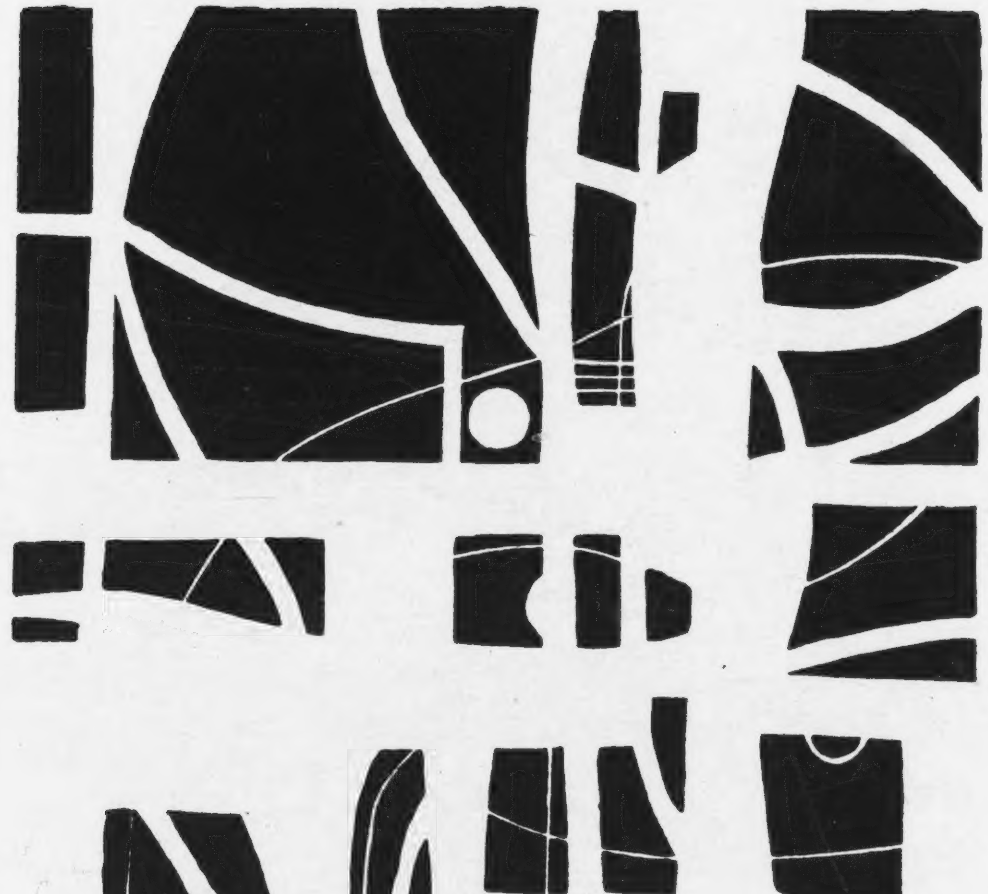

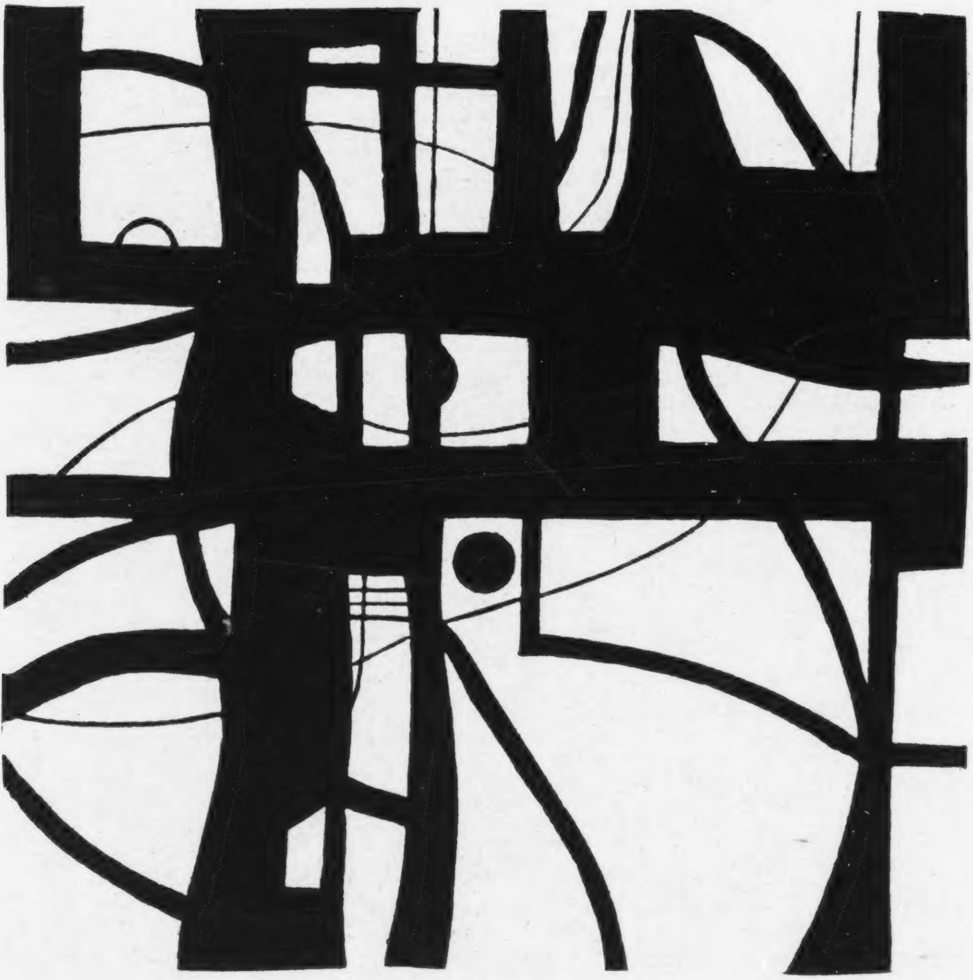

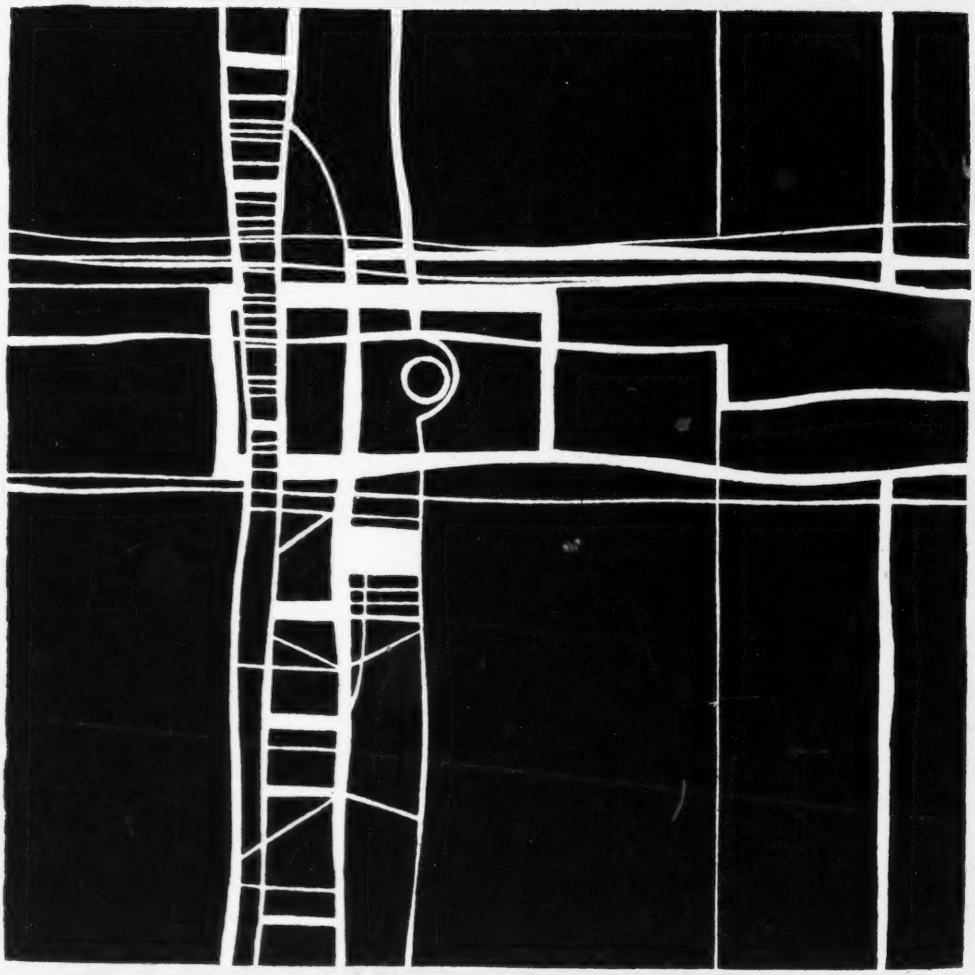

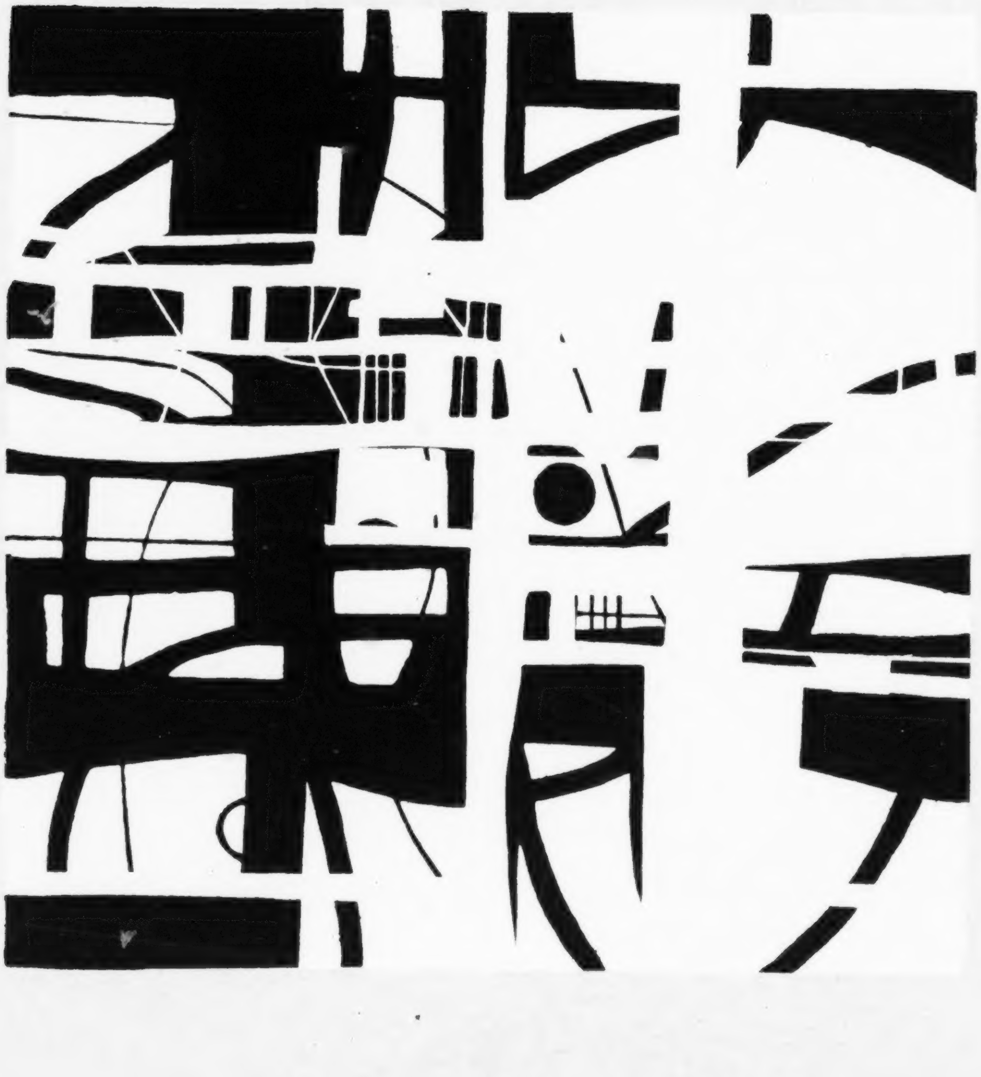

Whether or not we think in the old terms of production, the new of the mix, or perhaps, something which combines them both, we must have a context which joins us.

With the old history, the context is either script or scenario or outline. This form, of course, is literary. To whom is this literary form directed? For whom is it intended? Close examination will show that its object is the actor or actor-like simulator. It is shaped so that he may have a point of meeting for rehearsal with others. It suffices, given the as-if-it-were-happening-for-the-first-time milieu. It may be inappropriate, however, for those who wish to experience presence in the moment of passing, unrehearsed, for those who wish to be represented in time-present. Not as if, but is.

If this be true, then what means shall be employed to establish context for them?

What follows is a collection of pieces which attempts to move us in this direction.

Though employing words, and thus derivative of literature, also -- our object is to draw a frame of reference of a different kind. They are designed to function as triggers to creative thought. They are not to be thought of as an end, themselves, to be embodied in some form or other; they are merely entry points into conscious creative effort.

They are clearly theater-like.

But they are intended for video.

That means that electrically generated image is the object, not human, or "natural" representations.

In other words, we are trying to discover new ways of representing the nature inherent through all of us, but conformed as electrical image.

There are also presentational questions in these designs. Does the experience which occurs formally take place only on video surfaces? On one, or many, or ones of different dimensions? How is the sound system deployed?

That is to say, what are the aesthetic surfaces?

Are the electrically generated images pre-recorded or presented live? Or, a combination of both?

If live, are they mixed with living actors in an architectural volume which includes everyone? Or, as in the theater and other theater-derivatives, are some separated from others formally?

This, then, is the intention: to raise questions and to trigger interdependent creative thought through contexts.

These are a collection of old romances and celebrations for newer eyes and newer ears; for old new mind.

FIRST MOVEMENT
(introduction)

Aristotle
Metaphysics. 10.:

"There is then something which is always moved with an unceasing motion: and that motion is in a circle: and this is plain not by reasoning only but in fact: so that the first heaven must be eternal. There is then something (also) which moves it. But since a mover which is moved is an intermediate, there must be also some mover which is unmoved (by another), eternal, existing as substance or actuality (or energy). Now the object whether of thought or desire causes movement in this way; it causes movement without itself being moved. And the primary objects of thought and desire are the same; for while the object of appetite is the apparently good, the primary object of rational desire is the really good, and our desire is consequent on our opinion, rather than our opinion or our desire: for the first cause is the thinking. And the Reason (or intellect) is moved by the object of its thought: and in the classification of objects of thought, substance (or Being) is primary, and of substance that which is absolute and in energy (or actuality). ...But moreover also the good and the absolutely desirable are in the same class; and that is best, always or proportionally, which is primary.

"But that the Final cause is among things unmoved is shown by logical distinction, since it is (an object which exists) for the sake of something (which desires it): and of these (two terms) the one (the object) is unmoved, while the other (which desires it) is not. The Final Cause then causes movement as beloved, and something moved by it moves all other things.

"Now if something is moved it is capable of being otherwise than it is. Therefore if the first turning of the heaven by an energy (or actuality) and is so by virtue of its being set in motion (by another agency than its own), it might be otherwise in place if not in substance. But since, on the other hand, there is some mover, itself unmoved, existing in energy, this may not be otherwise in any way. For locomotion is the primary change, and of locomotion that which is circular: and this circular motion is that which this unmoved mover causes.

"Of necessity then it is Being, and so far as of necessity, excellently, and so a Principle (or First Cause)....From such a first cause then are suspended the Heaven and Nature. And the occupation (or living work) of this Principle is such as is the best, during a little while indeed for us, but itself is ever in this state...which we cannot ...since its energy is also its pleasure....And therefore it is that our waking and sensation and thinking are pleasantest to us, while hopes and memories are pleasant indirectly through these activities....And thought, in itself, deals with the object which is best in itself, and the supreme with the supreme. Now it is itself that thought (or intellect) thinks, on account of its participation in the object of thought: for it becomes its own object in the act of apprehending and thinking its objects: so that thought (intellect) and the object of thought are one and the same thing. For that which is receptive of the object of thought and can apprehend substance, is thought (or intellect). But it is in energy by possessing its object, so that this (final energy of possession) rather than that (initial receptivity) is what thought seems to have divine: and the energy of intellectual speculation is what is pleasantest and best.

"If then in this good estate, as we are sometimes, God is always, it is wonderful, and if more so, then still more wonderful. But God is so, and life indeed belongs to God. For the energy of thought is live, and that is God's energy. We say then that God is a living being, eternal, best: so that life and an age continuous and eternal belong to God, for this is God."

FIRST MOVEMENT

The Space where the verb shall be born is without any Form. No shape or substance exists here. It is a vacuum ----- an imaginationless place, without substance or meaning ----- without life. There is no darkness nor shadow ----- only the light of imponderable distance, evenly present. There is no evidence of before or now or after. There is no duration; only Space and infinite place. No definition, no suggestion, no integral, no duration. Nothing but Space and weightless, dimensionless, active Light. No sound whatsoever, save the sound the Listener hears in himself. But he is not in this place. He is out of it ----- objective, anticipating ----- waiting to enter.

His thoughts are of this place, but, it having no meaning, they are turned within to intimate reaches and confines bearing the marks of his own life. As the Space remains empty-------his anticipation changes to curiosity, to speculation, to waiting wonder. He becomes alone, forgetting that he is a part of many.

And indefinable Form in shadow moves somewhere in the Space. It is not precise enough to give any evidence of direction. It is gone even before the Listener realizes that he has become a Watcher. Now he is peering into the Space to verify his feeling of Presence. Another incongruous shadow form appears to advance and recede. He hears a sound as of the movement of a light substance through a liquid. Even as he realizes that he has become a Watcher, he is becoming a Watcher-Listener. Now two shadows approach from opposite depths, opposite heights-------and as they cross in movement-------there is clearly an instant hesitation-------a faint suggestion of the consciousness of the other's presence. The liquid sound is vaguely affected for an instant. Even at the moment, they pass each other, and disappear.

The Space is itself again, and nothing more. The Light is undefined and evenly present.

Now the Space appears to be defining itself, though the Light seems not to change. A Cube is being formed in the center of the Space. The Space is becoming Place, perhaps. The Cube is immobile, austere, reasonable-------a definition. The Watcher-Listener catalogues a Fact. It is there and observable. It does not vanish, but is still unrelated ------except to its own spatial dimensions.

A shadow passes carefully across the whole Space-------and the Cube is clearer-------as its Light is unchanging.

A sound of liquid movement becomes discernable even as the shadow causes a vague relationship. There is repetitious irritation in the sound-------an evident pattern of duration in sound-------as though insubstantial form, weight, new-matter existed in it. The all-pervading shadow deepens the Space which it fills, and the Cube seems to grow out of the shadow. Its Light is constant.

The Watcher-Listener is entering the Cube. His consciousness is finding a Place-------his attention grows to exploration, and being in the vicinity of the Cube, he watches and listens. The liquid sound increases in volume, but it is not as perceptible as the Cube. Suddenly, he is made conscious of a Clear-Light Form which is conscious of itself. It moves with naive majesty across the Space-------pausing for a moment before the Cube. The rhythm of the liquid sound is interrupted by more irritation than before-------but as the Clear-Light Form moves to a far point in the Space, it resumes its rhythmic pattern, repeating itself. There is more substance, more relationship now. The Clear-Light Form waits at its distant point.

A Crimson-Light Form enters-------and proceeds as did the Clear-Light Form before it-------which, even as the Crimson-Light Form pauses before the Cube, is glowing in color which approximates the new one. The color is approaching that of the new one, but its form is unmoving. Even as this is taking place, the liquid sound increases in intensity

-------and though slightly, its rhythm changes-------and a pattern within its first pattern becomes discernible; and inter-weaving sound of two rhythms grown from one.

The Crimson-Light Form does not pass by the Cube, but seems to seek entrance into it-------a horizontal movement of approaching and withdrawing in a small area-------as though the force of its contact with the walls of the Cube moves it back-------and it returns again. Its movement is not complex, but it is not isolated from the rhythm of the liquid sound. They seem now to be associated, the movement and the rhythmic sound.

A new sound has entered; the sound of soft-matter impinging itself against an immovable wall------not intense, not pervading. But, each time the Crimson-Light Form touches the wall, its contact is heard. This growing harmony of sound and movement is being added to by an action of the Clear-Light Form, now moving vertically-------complementing the Crimson-Light Form's contact with the wallof the Cube.

This is Primordial Action. A shadow moving restlessly across a horizontal plane of the Space draws from the Light a base structure which is revealing itself in ledges and planes horizontally.

The Cube is inevitably resting there.

The aggregate rhythm of sound and movement is being increased, and as the horizontal planes are revealed, a new sound-------not unlike a giant drum-------but at a vast distance-------a macrocosmic manifestation-------joins the movement, but of a singular beat, advancing gradually-------adding a vague, mystic syncopation to the rhythm heretofore observed.

The original Clear-Light Form-------now near the intensity and color of the Crimson-Light Form-------halts its vertical movement, and, for an instant, appears motionless; but soon it finds the rhythm of the advancing drum sound-------and as though motivated from a point within itself-------expands and contracts, expands and contracts-------seeming all the while to be advancing toward the Crimson-Light Form. Simultaneously, with the entrance of the drum sound, the Cube gives evidence of taking on color-------though, whether it is yellow or orange or gold or crimson, it is not clear. Soon, however, it is clear that this light illuminating the Cube is becoming more precisely defined-------already beginning to cast its shape darkly across the path of the Clear-Light Form which, being thus interrupted, halts. The Crimson-Light Form appears to have found Fear, as the shadow of the Cube leaps suddenly in a severe path across the horizontal planes and levels. This dark path has made an obvious consciousness for the Crimson-Light Form-------receding gradually from the Cube, it is suddenly made aware of the Clear-Light Form.

Sound is now approaching an intensity which implies ascension toward climax. The sound of the contact of the two Light Forms has been assimilated into the rhythmic liquid sound, even though the Crimson-Light Form is now totally aware of the Presence of the Clear-Light Form. The deep shadow of the Cube separates them, though they are on similar planes, the Clear-Light Form slightly above the Crimson-Light

Form on a vertical plane. The shaft of live Light illuminating and energizing the Cube is now precise and present.

A Place in Space is clearly defined.

The Space is alive with Sound and Light and Unrecognizable Form. But somewhere within the life of the two, now crimson, forms------- there is a strong consciousness of each other.

The Clear-Light Form is halted-------expanding and contracting. Now the Crimson-Light Form is expanding and contracting in like rhythm. They are joining.

From planes and depths, but in vertical growth, shadows of Forms spring with the ascending excitement-------spring into Being, enclosing the two Light Forms and the Cube. They are immobile, but vibrating with anticipation, meaning unknowable, mystery, awe, and impulsion. Now breathing in like rhythm, the two Light Forms begin the approach -------and even as this primitive imperative is being expressed------- the sound of an astral body plummeting through incomprehensible space climbs in pitch and volume-------growing more intense even as the two primordial lives approximate each other-------

And as they touch!-------

As the path of their movements must inevitably force them to-----

The rhythms of all the sounds cascade in a harmony of relationship. The Space is instantly filled with insight, universal clarity, equation-------of Light and Sound and Life.

And in the instant it is done, and dissolving into a symphony of sound-poetry-------simple, religious, peaceful-------dissolving into deep, elusive night.

Only the external outlines of the Cube are visible, as though thin lines of golden light had drawn a skeleton of Cube in the dark.

SECOND MOVEMENT
Part I

As the harmonies dissolve and whisper away-------the drum sound receding with them-------the Cube lights itself in a fundamental, unfathomable color-------revealing on either side, two human figures------ Male and Female. At the precise instant that they are perceivable, the drum sound ceases its movement away from this Place-------and there, at a vast distance, hovers-------sounding its powerful notes in a slow, relaxed, unhurried rhythm.

The two figures are aware of a life within them, their arms crossed over their eyes, their backs to each other-------separated by the Cube. They are standing erect. Dignity. Simple, unrealized. Two majestic humans.

As the pairs of arms unfold, like petals of a flower opening -------letting the heart of the bud seek the light-------the sound of wire brush on cymbal shimmers a soft crescendo-------and two shafts of pure amber Light steal from high opposite reaches of the Space to carve two diagonal paths in the deep shadow. Opposite faces of the Cube are defined as Gold; the unfettered bodies of the two humans shimmering in the Light, their breathing torsos bathed in the Light. Their heads bend back to seek the new warmth, and their faces find the new energy. The cymbal-shimmering ceases as their faces find the new energy. The cymbal-shimmering ceases as their faces are poised. The distant drum beat becomes, for an instant, a syncopated irritation, but resolves itself and repeats its internal rhythm again.

A feminine melody-------hardly a melody-------more a plucking string-sound searching for a form within itself it does not know------- a feminine string sound plucked and sustained, plucked and sustained -------finding, as her search develops, more of its sustaining melodic line-------echoes and moves through her portion of the Space. He is listening, but does not know precisely to what he is listening. His head inclines slightly toward the sound. She is moving in secret undulations, fitting herself to the string-sound, it fitting itself to her. They are discovering each other-------the sound and the female. As her eyes travel in curved lines along the substance of her figure, they descend ever towards the darkness beneath, on which she stands.

Her body waves and bends toward the earth-side of the Space. As the melodic line of the string-sound becomes more confident, the Male attempts to correlate a rhythm of his own to the one he senses. The horizontal planes and levels are becoming visible out of the darkness at her feet, not at his. The colors are of earth and solid, weighted -------moving toward the center of gravity within its substance. Even as the earth is in the Light-------another string-sound, lower in pitch -------plucked and seeking a sustaining line, begins to augment the first-------and the lines the Male follows are not so curved, so soft -------but seem to represent force in squares and angles-------triangles and knives of precision. His consciousness focuses on his hands, fingers spread-------closing and opening-------the palm and the back------- the powering wrist, a fulcrum-point being found. The primary emphasis of his string-sound commences to accentuate the opening and closing fingers of his right hand, which is held before him. He is finding a fist. She-------suddenly conscious of his sound, poises-------a sculptured figure about to step forth from the Cube-------and the two string-sounds are aware of each other, drawing closer to harmonious interdependence-------to simplicity and near-unity. Then-------his fingers, closing closer in undulations not unlike those her body made before-------snap shut-------and he owns a fist, a power-substance. It stands at his eye level, and slowly he raises it above his head. He is not challenging. He is discovering. There is anticipation in the moment. As the two string-sounds approximate each other-------

as his fist is held aloft in the path of his amber Light-------as she poises, about to step forth from the Cube-------the distant drum-sound becomes irritable, couples, intertwining its own rhythm.

And with great, but controlled free energy, he swiftly plummets his fist toward the earth.

It strikes-------and from his throat a clear, beautiful------ almost victorious vowel sound escapes into the Light, which is even then cascading at his feet drawing from his portion of the Space, the planes and levels completing the full image of the earth-substance on which the Cube, the Male, and the Female stand. Her voice joins his -------a unison sound. And the two melodies explode-------with the remembrance of the melodic line still evident in the musical contours. The drum-sound has picked up a swifter beat, a suggestion of urgency. The Female has flattened herself against the face of her side of the Cube-------arms extended at her sides, back arched. Except for the now-swifter beat of the still distant drum, there is no movement, no sound-------only broad, enveloping, impending anticipation.

SECOND MOVEMENT
Part II

This, now, is a bridge of anticipation-------a bridge arcing out of the past into the future, and, a circular memory is expressed-------as, standing aloft, the Male leans back against the Cube, his arms extended as the Female's-------and they, together, are without movement, but of the very heart of vertical motion. Poised thus-------immobile, but fully expressive of internal activity-------we hear and watch the circular memory.

The distant drum stops.

All is silence, filled with an impenetrable consciousness of sound as of a yawing wind-energy sweeping through the jagged mouth of a deep cave into the Light.

Now there is a memory-sound of a light substance through liquid. It is suddenly irritated, then resumes itself, but with a defined pattern of duration. All the Light in the Place we have come to know is washed with shadow-------once, twice, and a third time. Now the Cube, the Male and the Female are less clear, less defined. The two diagonal paths of amber Light have receded with the three shadow values expressed.

A once-remembered, now near forgotten, Light passes across the shadow space to pause suspended in a corner. Another Light-------a faint crimson Light approaches. The durated liquid sound is irritated momentarily, then resumes itself and splits into two rhythms, one intertwined in the other. Neither is dominant.

The faint crimson Light approaches the Cube, but now she stands covering its face-------and as the Light approaches and recedes, the sound of a soft matter impinging itself against a substance joins the liquid sound, adding another newer-------once remembered-------rhythm. As the horizontal movement of the faint crimson Light approaches, the center of her body is revealed-------her vortex meaning. Then it recedes.

The first Light begins again its vertical movement. The sound of the distant drum joins-------and as all the rhythms now joined grow in intensity and volume, the first Light approaches the Male side of the Cube. Its movement, being vertical, washes the Male side of the

Cube. Its movement, being vertical, washes the Male from head to foot; this, in rhythm with the approaching drum-sound-------and its color is approaching that of the faint crimson Light.

We are observing the memory of Primordial Action. A Space subtly defined by Light; a Cube of fundamental color at low intensity; two barely visible diagonal paths of amber Light lifting a Male and Female out of the Place; the horizontal planes and levels on which the total visible image rests, pulsating with earth-color and vibrancy. We are hearing two liquid sounds in interlocked rhythms, a sound of muffled fluttering-------and an approaching, distant drum.

Two faint crimson Lights are moving; one, gently touching the torso of the Female in horizontal movement, the other, washing the body of the Male from head to foot.

All joined in growing harmony of movement and sound. A memory of a memory-------a vague remembrance-------not so clear as at its first conception, but there-------appealing, stealing into the conjoined life-beats of aeons forgotten.

All expressions have found a level, and cannot proceed beyond it. The Female's hand grasps the edge of the Cube. This is natural. She does not turn to watch herself do this. The Male hand does likewise. The sounds indicate no irritation, no overcoming of each other------simply an expression of waiting, an anticipation.

The wire on cymbal gathers its energy and draws upward in intensity the two diagonal paths of Light revealing the two humans.

From a vast distance-------a high, plummeting sound begins its earthward journey through infinite Space-------and the hands of the Female and the Male, fingers extended, are reaching across the front of the Cube toward each other. Their heads are turned away. They do not see with their eyes. They are sensing with their two extended, searching hands. Already, their bodies are approaching-------heads turned away-------the plummeting rocket-sound coming with fierce speed. The two Lights seem now to be pushing them together. They are being moved upon by two forces of Crimson Light-------in ideal harmony. Their searching fingers are only a moment apart.

Then, they touch!-------

The two sustaining string-sounds leap into the Place-------and, together, the two humans turn toward each other-------one to the other. The two Light Forces have entered them. They are bathed in faint crimson Light. And the diagonal paths of amber Light have lifted, and now cross where their two hands meet. The symphony of sound is exciting and primitive, but not sexual. There is no evidence of naked, appealing music that seeks to lull the mind or excite the heart to passion. It is a natural symphony-------a discovered moment, met. The plummeting rocket has joined them, and is disappearing again into its elusive, secret Place. They are looking at each other with meaning they do not analyze. It is barely curious. It is personal, and within them contained. No symbol from one pair of eyes to another has traversed the Space which separates them. They recognize nothing in each other.

They are simply looking-------they are seeing another human.

Suddenly, there is evidence of decision in the Male. The symphony of sound whispers away, leaving the distant drum-sound poised, sounding itself in a new complex of rhythm, built around one precise, repeated, primary beat. This the Male is finding. His foot is lifted from the ground, then lowered, based on this primary beat. He repeats this movement, looking down at his foot. She watches him with great concentration; follows the path of his eyes. Again he repeats this foot movement. Then, looking at her with studied care, he reaches across the Space between them, and carefully wraps his fingers around her wrist. She does likewise on his. They are locked together, fingers to wrist. His body comes away from the Cube against which it has been resting. He is making a first step. Without realizing what she is doing, she is helping to support him. Her body becomes a fulcrum for his movement -------her weight becomes a fulcrum.

Finding the primary beat, he cautiously steps down a plane. He is now away from the Cube. She is seemingly clinging to it. Now, he turns to step along the horizontal. His steps are short and carefully timed to the primary beat. He is approaching on a horizontal line her point of Place on the vertical. Now he is in front of, but below, her. His free hand reaches out to grasp hers-------and the hands lock, fingers to wrist, and he now faces her. She stands looking down at him; he, a plane below. He is backing down; she is following. They are taking first steps together-------a cascade of magic Light fills their

Place. The Space is becoming more vivid, more illuminating------ though there are evidences of elusive romantic-------and, perhaps, faintly sentimental shadows. New planes and values of Space are revealed at new depths. New horizontals-------above them; above and surrounding them and the Cube. They are descending, but even so------- a new, great earth-movement is being performed-------as the central mass, the Cube its Center, is moving upward, as they descend.

At first, this awesome Change is not discernable, so slight is the movement, but a new sound is entering the Place-------that of reed-pipes. This augments the slow upward thrust of the central mass, and thus accentuates it. The Male and the Female are moving farther and farther away in descent. The distant drum is receding gradually, though never becomes inaudible. The reed-pipes are increasing in intensity. And as the influx of Light increases, the new horizontals being revealed, are actually ascending, too-------so constant is the upward thrust. The Cube is changing its fundamental color, as it ascends, becoming, through values of blue, more distant and unattainable. At last, there is an equalization of this giant Change in the structure of mass. What we see now is an ascending development of horizontal planes, their surface definition revealing in slight curve from right to left, the Cube resting on the highest point: the Male and Female now standing at the bottom on a flat, unending plane stretching right and left into infinity.

The Space within which this large mass now resides is distant and impenetrable-------endless, timeless-------an expression in color of eternal depth.

The reed-pipes are organ like; ascending and descending, entering and withdrawing; ever increasing the counterpoint around a wry earth melody which first expressed itself as the upward movement began. The drum is still with the pipes, but in them-------not, itself, a noticeably strong element. Actually, a fugue for reed-pipes-------organ like -------is growing in the Place. And at the moment when this is recognizable, the Male and Female arrive at their new plane, and the adjustment of the mass is complete.

A near ice-blue, crystal Cube stands alone, untouched-------at the greatest height.

THIRD MOVEMENT
(Introduction)

The ways man chooses are not defined. There are no inevitable paths to a reasoned future. One assimilates evidences of time and the godhead-------and the synthesis of this mighty aggregate of fact and imagination is a mystery, never concretely solved, but communicated by impulse and evaluation. Judgement is not a simple publication of one's expression of the right to be. There is a complex editing of the phenomena of being, and one's evaluation and judgement is as much a phenomenon, itself.

First things are not to be reckoned-------except as one vaguely remembers by way of a quickened pulse, a fluttering heart. There must be first things somewhere in the swift growth and change of life. But hidden in the ecstacy of the instant, they spring into human substance and idea-------and are deep in existence before one observes, one day, a habit that came in a flash, was cherished by instinct-love, and stayed -------to be forgotten. And the search in remembering comes some other time.

Man does what he must do by some standard and act of balance. Action is the evidence of this. Ancestral voices whisper reminders out of the past-------and the present represents a fragment of their continuum, too-------sweeping man into the future of endless maturing and change.

A brief bundle of instants gathered in retrospection of being show him that he did select, he did choose. He did spring into Light out of universal equation-------his presence, the sum of giant computations ever-expanding, never-ending, infinite. And when he moves and is moved upon, exquisite new configurations are set in motion, exploding a new combination of energies into future Light. Into Light he is born, bringing the modifier (himself) and the myriad shadow forms within him -------all moving toward inevitable conscious darkness and death. Thus, the universe teems with his Presence, himself a multi-formed reflection of unnumbered Presences before him. But he is not alone in Consciousness. And inward and outward he is, as harmonic and dissonant undulations of the composite Presence-------a reflector of relations, a relation itself-------a pin-point of Less-than-Light expressing a relationship of a relationship.

At some moment-------the point at which Time began-------there was a First first thing; a silence which exploded into Being, and living action, heretofore never experienced in such a Form, rushed out of the macrocosmic womb-------and started the process of becoming. At some moment, a human root was conceived.

Instinct guided him. It also misguided him. So, choosing and discarding, he developed Will, and realized Selection.

And so it is of First Things we proceed from, gathering whatever manifestations of value we sense-------slipping away from, and magnetized toward a hoped for, once remembered, created instant; an imperceivable bending of the First soul and consciousness toward itself through imponderable distances.

One must select and make choice, select and make choice------- sensing the Light, seeking to penetrate the shadows, fingering the melancholy mis-choice in the mind's eye, which sees what ever it is stimulated to see; gathering the fabric of reason around the naked self; a stranger among strangers in the long night.

Definition escapes reason even as it is given analytic shape; a wisp of frozen stillness grasped with the intense desperation of one who is about to step forth into a constantly changing new world. And that which was begun becomes sought, and the search is manifold and organic.

There can be no isolating escape, for the present is an instantaneous expression of sense and intuition, and the experience becomes stored for inevitable selection and choice. And then the pressure of inner knowledge becomes greater than the force of entering experience; the self must shut the present off, and dwell with the past awhile-------and dreams, the future, are born of Will and Hope, seeing the discarded multiples lying about one's life. Thus, Time becomes an ever-constant pervader, a Force itself, a three-dimensional confinement, from which there can be no severing off.

But there are these First Things-------and we sense them all about-------and even fancy we generate one now and again, yet knowing in the secret place of self that, truly, we are dependent upon another; that, in truth, the miracle of Life, itself, is the First Thing we would discover.

And so-------Life comes into Light, bringing with it these countless shadow forms-------these expressions of Less-than-Light; this shadow-past and this shadow-future. And the way is sensitive and lonely.

One seeks another. One seeks another human expression-------one who will augment and balance and equate. Meeting is inevitable, but postponed as one protects his inarticulate secret-------but inevitable. A symbol must be found, a pass-word, a code which can penetrate the shadow; a sign, which sparks the instant into Light.

The distance between two pairs of eyes, two pairs of hands, two pairs of lips is as great as the opposite, abstract poles of eternity bent back upon themselves-------when no common symbol prevails.

The discovery of another cannot blossom into meeting without a mutual sign.

But two discover-------and meet. What is the First Thing which sings at the center of Space between and within them?

And are they well met?

THIRD MOVEMENT

Suddenly, all is lightless!

A sound of earth shifting; unsteady planes of earth shifting and scraping rock against rock. Pebbles and earth fall on the surface. Occasionally a tree, troubled at its roots, quivers and-------finished -------falls to the horizontal. Leaves and green dismembered parts scatter in disarray to follow the sucking stream down. No sound of animate life to be heard. No bird cries. No animal grunts or shrieking calls. No earth Light.

This is a locked struggle of forces beyond the animate: of mysterious, impersonal energies roaring a momentary supremacy of matter.

Sky light boils out of the turbulent edges of thunderheads scraping their bellies against other thunderheads. Wild, sharp edges pierce the Dark.

Distance is far-reaching, as sounds rumble up out of the past and crash into the present. Unknowledged, unproportioned Light blots darkness out in an instant of violent strength.

And the clear Cube stands at the high-most point.

The Male and the Female are on their knees-------holding each other. They have great need for each other.

All is stillness.

Then, the wild, raw Light stops. There is no Light. There is no Sound.

From a far distance directly behind the Cube, the hollow drum begins again. Its first beat is dull, and a painful time stretches to its second. The interval is long. Again the interval is long. Again the interval, then the third beat.

Within the Cube a Light glows and fades in the same intervals as the sound which preceded it. Now the drum and the Cube-Light are beating together. By the seventh drum beat, the Light from within the Cube has grown to the proportions of a shaft, and with growing pulsation reveals the Male and Female directly in its path.

They are as we saw them for the instant-------locked in needful embrace, heads resting on each other's shoulder, kneeling.

A tinkling of a bell-------a small, brass-sound which fills the

the Space. And the Male and Female raise their heads. The drum stops. The Path of Light from the Cube bathes them from above and behind.

The brass bell again.

A tambourine shimmering, then struck dumb.

The Male and Female rise. Their arms fall to their sides. They are facing each other, and looking directly at each other.

A tambourine shimmering, then struck dumb.

A trumpet-sound-------high-pitched, penetrating-------heralding a coming. It is weaving a silhouette within the Cube-------a silhouette of a wreathing human form, its body twisting and bending, hands and arms clasped to its sides. As the trumpet's rhythm becomes more so, the silhouette grows in excited movement. The trumpet's climax is reached, and as it is, the new form leaps from the Cube-------and stands, arms outstretched as if to embrace the universe. It is directly above the Male and Female. They have not moved.

Now there is charged silence-------and no movement. Multicolored Light is growing in the darkness around them. Still no movement------- and no sound.

Stealing into the consciousness is the sound of the reedpipes heard before. The reedpipes are organ like, ascending and descending, entering and withdrawing-------an increasingly complex counterpoint -------a fugue for reedpipes. At a point of ascension-------an inevitable point-------the new figure, the Cube Figure, holding its arms toward the Male and Female, begins the descent toward them.

When it arrives just one plane above them, and directly between them the fugue stops-------and in the tinkling of the brass bell-------

The Cube Figure swiftly moves between the two.

This movement is a severing movement. The two are cut apart. She turns and falls to the earth, head in her arms. He rushes after the swiftly moving Cube Figure which is wildly circling the Female, leaping and scissor-kicking the Space around her. The Male tries to copy the movements of the Cube Figure-------and, though he is not as adept, his potential is clear. She does not watch, but crouches in self-hiding on the earth.

Now the Cube Figure is moving alone-------up and down the planes. The Male is standing beside the Female, watching.

All this movement takes place in silence-------save the sound of bodies moving through Space. Gradually, the Cube Figure is approaching the Cube whence it came. It stands at the highest point, beckoning the Female to join it.

Shying away from the Male, who is stunned and perplexed, she ascends toward the Cube Figure who enfolds her at last. They do not touch faces, but their bodies are tightly joined.

The Male watches.

Swiftly, the Cube Figure dresses her in veils, carefully folding them to reveal. She permits this to happen, occasionally attempting an adjustment of the folds herself.

Then, as the work is completed-------the Cube Figure steps back with decision-------and, as he does so, the rhythmically complex drum begins its primitive compulsions.

Without glancing at the Cube Figure, all attention focused on the Male, she starts the descent toward him. The Female melody of string-sounds joins the drum and follows her down.

Now she stands before the Male who is kneeling again. Gently, and with great care, he bends down and kisses the hem of her gown. She watches carefully, but makes no supporting movement.

The Cube Figure stands above-------watching intently.

The Male rises, and as he does so, the male string-sounds join, and the symphony which ended the Second Movement once again fills the Space in which these two dwell.

For the first time, their faces touch.

He kisses her.

The trumpet melody joins the two string-sound melodies.

Their embrace is impenetrable.

Together, they walk out of the Space on a horizontal plane, the string symphony receding with them; the multi-colored light fading.

Only the drum-sound is left, its primitive, wild interweavings intensifying the silhouette of the Cube Figure-------alone, within the pulsating Light which generates the Cube.

EPILOGUE

This, then, is an expression of an eternal legend of discovery, meeting, and recognition.

Space and Light are the overt expression of the energy of universe.

And Life moves into Light bringing with it the broad mystery of the interval between birth and death, the shadows of darkness made by the life-modifier of Light.

Time becomes a classifier, a codifier of space-------and life continually expresses itself in rhythmic dimensions of modified Light and Sound. And each individual life is a composite expression, bounded by itself and ever expanding into superhuman expressions of the gigantic relationships conceived of these temporal classifications. And no two of us can ever possess the same image of the present. A universal differentiation is exquisitely generated in the core of an instant. Moving and expanding along countless intimate avenues in time's continuum, no two individuals are permitted to occupy------- at the same moment-------the same point in space.

Always-------as we are allowed to imagine-------there are points of view other than our own. From some point of view, a classification is being made, a codifying agent is afield.

And whatever the phenomenon may be, all its plastic dimensions can never be totally realized in its present. For, instantly, it expands into other harmonies-------or dissonances-------depending on some point of view.

II

Though geometry resides in style, the theorem is unknown. Perhaps a dimple in a thought may be the that which once was this.

Reflect upon the web, the fragile trap.

A gun is camouflaged in golden brass and filagree. What is intent? When made, was but creation. Still its functions strike the bloody blows.

Then, what is true?

Consider a weed at the roots of a lemon tree. The fruit is sapped, but which the blossom?

A child throws a pebble at a sea-bird. It, startled, rushes from the water's face and strikes a blind man fishing off the shore.

Does he see?

Ambivalent secrets wheel and turn like giant galaxies, each sighting careens or reflects the other.

How much truth contains the hand grenade?

You say the color is right. Is right for what? The dawn, the sunset, the tearing, unresolved despair of a treegrower who is unable to live without his book?

Since we have walked upon the moon, they say we are capable of doing anything. Is this the truth?

Then, feed the starving.

If we shall educate a sentinel, what shall he watch and listen for?

The weaver weaves.

III

Human sound. Sad, searching sound-------moving through corridors; a man singing to himself a song which once went from him, now goes inward. Moving into light, a shadow, his eyes search earth and see nothing told. Hands toe the wall. Then, motionless, he leans against a stone, suspended like the soft down of a bird-------waving in and out of light.

The drum of his heart speaks-------the soft-slippered sound grows, filling the place with its deep vibrations, clothed in black velvet.

A vision escapes-------and flees the face of memory. Heart stops, and echoes and echoes itself away.

No sound. Silence.

Then he moves away-------and is gone.

Light searches-------; fingers removing veils from statues. Sighs follow each as it falls away.

A slender streak leaps into the place-------and stands quivering in the earth. A Javelin-------a young virility-------electric and waiting.

From above him floats down a new veil, and covers his head and torso. He is motionless, yet alert.

The singing voice from a great distance-------stops.

Someone calls-------in a whisper-------

Mirrobo-------?

A question which has no answer; a question asked as ritual.

The Javelin moves directly to a stairs and ascends. On the thin line of light and dark, a form joins him, and they kneel and share a language-------no words are audible.

The Human returns-------and at the bottom of the stairs, watches the mystery unfolding above him.

Mirrobo, he says?

And the two at the top cease their rite, and watch, unmoving.

He speaks again-------Mirrobo?

Someone is weeping. Who is she sitting on the rock-------her head in her arms-------weeping?

The Human goes to her.

The two at the top of the stairs stand-------then the Javelin descends three steps. The Form follows, but stays behind him.

Mirrobo-------, the Javelin says?

The Weeping One Lifts her head.

A Knocking sound-------hard wood on wood-------a rhythm-------a rhythm, more than one, many in one. Velvet touches velvet in sound, and the light grows-------stars of light sparkling-------leaping out of darkness to ignite for an instant, then expire.

Off the rock to the earth she comes; her body with the wood-sounds -------the other, waiting.

The two kiss lightly-------and each spins away.

Now the place is alive with sound-------the sound of wood on wood -------more than one, rhythm within rhythms.

The Javelin flies toward anticipation-------leaps lightning------- plummets to earth. The Form he left behind sits on the stair where they stood, chin in hands-------following all the movements, hearing but not listening.

But the other three are there-------and know that the sound is there-------the multitude of sound-------the many woods on woods.

Strings-------plucking strings join-------and a harmony comes to the place. And magic light comes. The world is temporal and tingling with life.

Movement grows from motion of three. One is without movement -------aware and participating-------but without movement.

Then statues. Silence.

Perfect glass is penetrated-------and falls away from itself. And fine, delicate glass lies broken.

This is the story.

And they wandered forever, these two. Losing and finding. Wanting and waiting. Leaving and returning. Separating and joining.

The Javelin is a sliver of lightning stripped from a giant shaft on the right hand of the God who conceives the souls of humans. He bursts into flame at the joining point of two lives whom he has created for one another. This he does once in a millenium.

Feeling the heavens rocking in the tumult of such rare creation, a lesser spirit, who was self-conscious because she was unable to conceive, came from her hiding place-------and watched this terrible thing. The great heat of the flame welded her hearing shut. And evermore she has lived in that one giant moment of sound memory, her ears sealed. The God realizing what had been done, and unhappy because of this-------stripped from his shaft a streak of lightning------- and gave it breath and form. This he gave to her, and said,

He shall be your part forever.

Strange, too-------for instantly, she forgot that she was imperfect-------and, no longer was self-conscious of this odd thing which had happened to her. But somewhere in her eternal memory------- there is something she must recall.

She and the Javelin live somewhere, to be sure, but the place is so many that it would be impossible to describe.

And every one hundred years the two humans are joined; they who were conceived in fire-------and commemorate their heavenly union.

And the Javelin and the Spirit are joined to them in this commemoration.

The Javelin needs no soul-------for the Spirit is his. And he is her eternal music; this they both know.

The two who were born in fire are fused into one each time the great circle festival is held-------and this, of course, makes them both temporal and eternal. Having been born of a God, they wish to return, but the distance is great.

All four are joined in a strange union; they shall go on meeting -------and exploding in the sound and light of their flaming birth. And the God has watched this.

The God has watched this for thousands of years-------and is wondering whether a mistake was made.

Perhaps it was hasty to create a Javelin without a soul. Perhaps the circle must be severed.

He's been thinking about this for a long while.

And that's the story.

IV

Not me nor thee; the great life force.

A silver cylinder, a cone, a fallen soldier, dead.

A growling eagle, wings fanned out in duty time beyond dull thuds of iron. Among, a heli-chopper pants and coughs its dank, rust blades.

Funereal, muffled snare.

Round Asian child-face.

An invitation to a masked ball on the moon; orange daffodils in violent burst of flame.

And the child holds the head of the soldier in her lap, her lap, her lapping water at the edge of rot.

Two flowers blooming in his eyes.

Never more, never more, never more.

V

pink flux passing to bronze; a vessel
of oil.
sand wind pouring over cleats of steel.
cermonies of innocence
children
dreams
sails in the rain
hopes

VI

Sitting, astraddle a Wall of Stone-------hands clasped forward in comfortable repose-------legs dangling; a youth we see.

Behind and above, at great distances, are evidences of planes and counter-planes rising at inclines-------jutting, not harshly, in and through each other-------disappearing, then, into shadow.

An ancient, friendly Woman appears.

A Sound of echoes comes with her. She is filled with all the people of her life, but moving alone. The Young One is interested. His thoughts, perhaps, are unconventionally elsewhere, but he watches her with concentration. He hears the reverberations of memories. She does not, for she is of them. They are indistinguishable to her. At the crosspoint where they meet-------she pauses-------and a smile of infinite wonderment fills her being. He jumps to earth, and stands beside her, leaning against the Wall.

She approaches-------fingers his check and brow-------takes from her pocket a Gift, and offers it. The sound of bass-wind wanders easily into their space. The Young One accents her gift and moves away to stand, one foot on an ascending plane, watching her over his shoulder. She is soon gone. It is natural that she should leave.

The Young One climbs the plane on which his foot rests; effortlessly he climbs. Having arrived where he has willed himself to go, sits-------looking at the Gift. It is small, old, precious. He is pleased. He concentrates greatly. The sound of the bass-wind is gone, and he is alone again.

A company of Revelers-------compelling each other — frolic by to the disharmony of brass horns and piping flutes. A snare drum accompanies them. For a brief moment the Young One becomes aware------ but his interest wanes, and he reclines with grace on the plane. The Gift rests easily by his shoulder, a sharp pinpoint of light touching off its inner stars.

Earth and grass are tossed like dripping balls from one to the other-------and the Revelers wildly clap their hands and dance. This is not gross. This is natural and unnatural-------clumsy and beautiful -------momentary and eternal.

They couple each other, spying a moment of escape they find private places; and are actively still together. The sound of their gaiety has quieted, and a soft-footed rhythm has joined them-------interrupted by personal and intimate explosions of sound which beat and fade away.

The Young One finds an Object in the plane on which he reclines -------and picking at it with his finger, discloses it to the light. The sparkle of the Woman's Gift diminishes. A high, unmellowed wood-note sings and grows, sings and grows, sings and grows. He lifts the Plane-object from its hiding place; then, rising-------leaps to a plane above, holding his new prize aloft. Suddenly he is aware of the woman's Gift-------and, putting his new object down-------not wishing to leave it, but obligated to for a moment-------leaps back, and retrieves the Gift left behind. Swiftly and surely he tosses it into the air -------and the feeling is good. Like a wonderful plaything, it is tossed again. Each time, he throws it higher------- Then, satisfied, he puts it in his pocket-------and moves back to the plane above: The Plane-object is regained-------and, balancing on the edge of a descending level-------like a tightrope walker-------he approaches the major surface, singing to himself.

From the shadows, the heads and shoulders of the couples peer forth-------somewhat interested-------more curious then interested. On the major surface-------the Young One stands.

Couple by couple, they approach him-------and make a moving circle. Twittering like sparrows, they chatter. Then, giggling-------and needing other things, they run away-------with different partners.

A Jealous One is left behind.

She moves to the Wall beside the Young One-------.

The sound of marching feet approach from a distant place, and gathering persistent focus-------march by. As they pass, the Young One lifts himself and observes. The marching feet are going away. He follows them part way, but returns, and stands, uncertain of himself.

His hand still clasps the Plane-object he has found-------and soon he realizes this. He rolls it across the ground-------wishing it were a ball, perhaps, but finds that its surfaces are piked with tiny spikes. This he knows as he hears it roll toward the Wall. He follows it-------and, crouched like a dice-player, flings it against the Wall. There is no weight of his body in this-------rather a sudden pastime. It returns to him, and he throws it again. At last he is tired of this -------and sits, legs sprawled, back against the stone, flipping his new toy from hand to hand.

Above him, eyes focused strangely, head down-------the Reveler who left herself behind-------is there.

Perhaps he has seen her, but has not noticed her. He is alone, she is not.

A hot sound-------not a whining sound-------but a cajoling, penetrating, pulsating sound approaches-------She hears, and is apparently satisfied.

She gathers the sound into her, and shadow-moving along the Wall, moves to his side-------then, slowly backs away, making her personal mark in the space which grows between them. Her movements are those of one preparing a track, plotting a course, defining a channel. And the movement has holiness and nature in it. And the melody is in her, and can be heard.

Then, having done these mysterious things-------she waits for her lover to be born.

Night comes in from the outer places, surrounding this warm place, but, being night-------leaves a pool of leftover day where the Young One removed the Gift from his pocket and lies down to rest. He tosses the plane object away.

The hour is present-------and ripe.

And the Gift shimmers in the soft night light.

VII

Now, here's a tender possibility:

You take a man and a woman of -- say -- sixty, sixty-five, or so; — those who have been retired; re-tired.

You build them a Watch about the size of one-quarter of the Empire State Building, only made of cheap plastic in the design of the Taj Mahal, Western version.

And you surround this incongruous retreat -- re-treat -- with a Super Market Golf Course Game Room Shuffle Board Television Set moat.

Then you make two access points through the wall, and append a drawbridge to both; an entrance and an exit.

At the entrance you place a gatekeeper in striped pants, tennis shoes, and a thin, mascared moustache. At the exit, another of similar dress and mien with the addition of a black silk top-hat and pearly gray spats.

Now, you invite this man and wife to enter into this exit out. And (with pre-recorded music performed by silly saxophone players) you dampen the sound of the ticking watch.

Next, you gradually suck out the air until a near-vacuum is achieved.

Then, you erect a neon sign, which reads: YOUNG PEOPLE KEEP OUT, EXCEPT FROM 2-4 PM ON ALTERNATE SUNDAYS, AND ONLY THEN IF DIRECTLY RELATED BY BLOOD TO THOSE WITHIN.

By this means, we may all efficiently, but gradually, diminish wisdom, hope, learning, love, respect, and prudence. And with exquisite precision, withdraw from the human species, leaving our portion of the planet in the hands of carnivores disguised as men.

There are many versions of this possibility. Each of us may want to recognize his own.

VIII

sometimes there is no sound save
the beating of one's own heart pump, the drumming of fingers, the tawny stretching muscle in
the sun; the pipes of wind in a grainy cascade
or an oppressive whisper beckoning
the dead
and all is mauve, dark, midnight
green at the deep, scratching center

IX

As light appears in this place, an individual atop a structure devised of many wheels and planes is seen carefully focusing and controlling the very light which is entering. He is unaware of us. His attention turns to a ridiculous telescope into which he begins to peer from the wrong end. Oddly enough, as he manipulates both light and reversed telescope focus, gradually an Image is revealed on a large visual surface which constitutes our wall.

The immobile Image is an enchanting form in repose. Slowly, through gradual degrees of motion, it begins to breathe. The Manipulator is acutely concentrated on his giant instruments.

Now satisfied that he has performed all necessary functions, but unaware of his reversed focus, the Manipulator carefully descends to the floor. A small figure, he investigates the wall in a nearsighted way. Ultimately, he achieves a proper distance and sees for the first time the delicious Image.

The enchanting form in repose sleeps quietly, generating dreams which pass fleetingly on its face.

Wishing to share with others his discovery, the nearsighted Manipulator scurries about, and comes upon an industrious group of fellowmen busily engaged in necessary, high utility tasks.

Bursts of light pop and glow where the busy ones work.

The Manipulator tries to involve one in conversation. He is much too busy, passing objects to another who, somewhat impatiently, waits to receive them. He tries again with another. Now and then he glances over his shoulder at the sleeping figure breathing relaxedly in the soft light. He is yet unsuccessful in getting anyone to notice him.

At last, one does lay down his work, and listens. The subject of their conversation is the reclining Image. The listener is somewhat sympathetic, beckons another to join them. Together, the three discuss the phenomenon, though they never look at it.

One eager young person is interested-------and joins them. Stimulated, he volunteers to get the others' attention, which he does with some success, and a circle of people is forming.

The Manipulator is so busy talking that his attention no longer returns to the Image which, though still breathing, is gradually disappearing-------as a more varied (but subdued) light is illuminating the gathering circle.

At some point in its movement away from perceptibility, it disappears entirely, leaving an empty burning color-space.

Many of those whom the Manipulator is trying to persuade lose interest, and return to their apparently necessary work. Some would, perhaps, like to remain, but are compelled to get to their tasks.

Finally, something of a small group has formed around him, and it moves, actively subjective, toward a viewing point of the Image.

The Manipulator prepares them, then shows then where it is.

It is gone.

He is surprised. For an instant there is confusion. He asks them to wait, to be patient, and moves ramps and ladders to his giant instrument, and plunges into his work again.

The light on the wall changes and fluctuates as he moves various pots and switches.

This action is taking place in silence, the light illuminating the busy ones having faded, the sounds with it.

The small group who came to see the Image are reclining, leaning, waiting, some indicating impatience-------others, disinterest.

He busily concentrates on his task, occasionally supporting the changing compositions and colors with words to those who wait apart from him.

The wall is moving and growing with many forms, but none recognizable as the Image seen before-------or any objective, related fact they can share.

Soon, the group disperses-------each individual responding in a singular manner to the colored action being performed on the wall. Apparently unable to make any sense out of it-------they are moved to return to their former work.

The Manipulator having tried, at first, to keep them together -------no longer does so. At last, he leans against his complex machine — spent and introspective.

But one still waits apart. Still watches. And he, seeing the Manipulator subsiding, joins him. It is the Youth.

He tried to comfort him but, unsuccessful, and interested in the great machine, he occupies himself with familiarizing himself with it.

Accidentally, or by some pattern of judgement not indicated to us, he finds that the telescope is backwards-------and that it is movable -------on its vertical axis. He is excited. He arouses the Manipularor-------and, together-------they try turning the telescope in a circular orbit. It is heavy, and requires much manipulation of the wheels-------but, finally, it gradually starts its wide circular movement.

The colors on the wall are changing to a rare constancy------- and a distant and moving evaluation.

Deep within it, a form is beginning to grow-------

A sound anticipates the returning.

All light is fading, including the tiny pops where the busy ones work.

The Image is coming into the place-------

X

Political gesture political gesture political gesture political gesture gesture gesture gesture jester.

Political jester. Cap and bells. Balls and chains.

The political jester gestures again.

And again and again and again.

Smiles that crack stone. Smiles that crunch hope. Political gesture.

Swollen hands swollen hands.

Lips bouncing bouncing caressing ingots of fat.

The New Fool, strong as an ox, powerful as a commercial, lean as a missile; rich with the blood of Ghengis Khan.

Holding flower, eating flower; the political jester digests the political gesture.

The gesture, political gesture; a fan-belt whirring.

Computed, expedient mediocrity sublime; the political gesture.

And nowhere to go, nowhere to go -- save downward in concentric swallowing of one's own rubberized tongue, shaped by the biometric statistics of Fabulous, Fabulous, Fabulous, and Gonad of 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 Madison Avenue.

XI

four minutes of tension moving to
the uttermost outreach; initiating
change from one specie to another; the
religious edge of passing into
the beginning of something utterly
other
a drum signal
geography of anticipation

XII

Far removed from a distant pasture grazes a goat; the ram of sacrifice, mountain borne, lean. Here where it lives, the rarest parts of mist, swirl majestically about the scrags of stone racking the sky. The air enfolds the ancient scent of blossom; fantails of fresh grass design silver patterns of running wind. Bleak rocks sharpen their edges in the cold air. Below, no relationship. Beyond is future. The present is born of instantaneous magic------- sparkling, immediate.

Twelve figures, the multi-divisible, stand waiting the ascension; twelve robes of ice blue melting to space.

The Sentinel stands at the top of a green stairway, forming with meticulous care a garland of wild roses. Impassively, he looks down to the valley-------then, unhurried, seeing no sign of ascendant, plucks another thorn from a stem, and continues his exquisite creating.

The Ram of Sacrifice grazes, ungiving of itself; non-participant, the victim.

The beneficent god,-------lies sleeping.

Reason is unlocked, and the secret thing is done.

None can say it quite that way again, for the images have melted away into the vast emptiness of non-reason. Below, a child has turned man-------and spoken. The spoils of words have been divided. The god has become his other half, and now plummets toward our divine source.

Radiant spring has burst into song-------and kissed away the consummate seasons.

The ascension is near the half-moment, nearly now.

Even the Ram of Sacrifice raises its head-------and shows expectance in its unmoving frame.

Slowly, majestically-------a fine, tinkling curtain descends and enfolds the waiting spirits.

The faint sound of a carousel begs to enter. As it increases, the sounds of caged beasts and deep-throated men join its thin tune, and a miniature circus comes from behind the curtain.

The tent is arched-------and on the earth-floor a clown is escorting a young girl to her satin cloak. She bows gracefully, blowing kisses to the garish, multitude, the audience, which perches grandly and momentarily on frail glass bleachers.

The blare of the tin, tiny trumpet-------and the rattling snare -------and waving, she graciously bows, and dances away.

Outside, the carousel hawker invites those unable to pay for the main attractions, to ride the merry-go-round. And it starts and goes.

An unearthly hand reaches out and touches the circus world. Life turns to statue. For a brief moment, one can hear the heavy-footed ticking of a clock, slowing down-------stopping.

This is a museum!

A procession of academicians, traditionally garbed for medieval winter afternoons, file by twos through the spectacular opening. They march soundlessly, chanting a fugue of intricate proportion. They arrange themselves as jurors before the statue of the Clown. One of their number steps forth, and cabling an intricate phrase, introduces the unsolvable problem.

The young girl enters self-consciously from her private place. She clutches her robe about her. She pauses, and looks about-------terrified at the frozen faces-------staring, wide-eyed. She tries to speak, but is unable to. Motioning her toward them, the Juror takes from his robe a measuring stick, and points to the Clown.

She is suddenly overcome and approaches the Clown. He is unable to respond, for already, he is the past. The present stands in formal attire-------being objective-------.

The Academicians wait-------then, unsatisfied, each, singly, begins his particular private search. Occasionally, one or another tries to look over the shoulder of a particular busy colleague, and, sometimes, is apparently able to glean valuable information; for, smugness commences to fill an otherwise clear eye, and many notes are taken.

At first, it seems to be a picture of intricate confusion, but gradually a form appears and is repeated.

Various onlooker-statues are questioned, and as each is confronted, he swiftly becomes active-------having a great deal to say, and giving every indication of thought. Others are gossipers. Others have nothing to say, but hide their faces-------and blush. Now and then, one breaks into weeping. Another prays an answer. Some form is appearing; for slowly, the ranks of the Academicians are being thinned as, singly, in pairs-------others, even three or four, arms locked-------they go out by the spectacular opening through which they came.

The young girl is quiet now. She leans back, her head against the Clown's knee.

Soon-------all the academicians are spent. And she is alone -------the only living life in the vast multitude of stillness.

Outside, the carousel begins to play-------its rhythm respectfully slowed down. It is playing a new melody-------an earth-hymn. There is no hawker's sound to distort it. It is, alone, the only sound.

She rises-------and with dignity, removes her outer robe. She moves to the accompaniment of the carousel. Her movements tell a story of a mysterious journey. She has moved a great distance, and weary of expectant life budding within her, seeks shelter in a place made holy by her Presence. The earth is warm where she lies. Overhead, the Sentinel waits patiently. A child is born.

The movement is finished.

Gradually, with exceeding reverence-------the onlooker-statues came back to life, and leave the place. They have borne a child within themselves, as well. But even as the last of their number pass through the spectacular door, the cry of the hawker begins-------pleading with them to come ride the merry-go-round.

They appear no longer to wish to ride. Disturbed, he jumps off his pedestal, and comes into the arched tent.

It is empty-------except for the Clown and the young girl------- who appear to be both deep in sleep. Looking at them-------he has no understanding of what in the world took place. For a moment, he looks as though he might wake them, but motivated by another idea, he rushes through the opening, and, in a moment, we hear the music of the carousel speeding up. His voice grows lighter as people come to ride, again. He speaks cajoling earth-poetry, and the music plays steadily in circles-------fading away-------moving farther away, and with it, the light in the tent-------until nothing is left in the darkness but the young girl-------serene, perpetual-------in deep sleep.

Imperceptibly, she fades away, too.

In the distance, the carousel plays as the thin film of curtain lifts-------presenting a place farthest removed from the most distant pasture. The film of twinkling light lifts-------and reveals the same suspended, waiting moment as before.

The Sentinel stands at the most high step of the green stairs stretching down into the valley-------forming his garland of wild roses.

The Ram of Sacrifice moves toward him. The twelve figures turn to watch. The Beneficent God waits.

Respectfully, the Sentinel descends almost out of view------- then, pausing, receives a Form slowly ascending the broad stairs.

Light turns inward-------and the infinite darkness is penetrated by fresh, new light lifting forgotten images of past into present:

Lao-tze
Confucius
Buddha
Zoroaster
Moses
The Prophets
Jesus
Mohammed
Savanarola
Ramakrisha
Gandhi

XIII

Commemorate the Dead, remember passing.

Hail the fathers, mothers, clans. Find cousins.

Commence.

Commence the rich pavanne.

Do not forget. Accept the burden of the gift, each aspect of the journey.

Each one lift it, settle it upon his back. In solemn ceremony join them. Move toward river's edge.

Do not tell them what you do not know. And tell them, who refuse to be your kind: tell them parables.

Convene the tribe.

Now, sound the bone-horn.

Re-cite the tongue.

Rattle stone.

And when the hour strikes, befriend the snake. Draw rituals in sand for goat feet and the paw.

Wait for rain.

And do not be impatient at the wind.

Anoint these holy ghosts at last with one atomic spark -- the sweet at last.

(if you will not be my brother I will kill you)

XIV

elusive weave, warp and woof; thin
angles twining tensions 'round a spiral;
cylinders vacuum held; jasper gold
dots melding to our stringing light
ancient candor faces, moulded shadow
severance
slipped
calcified in stone, this jungle of
red coals pulsing
a spire, a hand, a violet jasmine
an iron box fused
this chorus of aspirate outgoings
burden of dust

XV

thirteen beads on twelve emerald
spires
seven hands
and four black wolves baying at the
moon

XVI

An Ivory hall-------pillars, -------the ceiling, a silver mist breathing. Diffused, broad avenues of light filter through mesh openings in the high vault. An oboe and a flute (the light and the dark), playing in unison, invent with each passing instant-------and never repeat themselves.

A Seeker awakens and moves-------comes from far away-------embracing the pillars, his cheek pressed against the mellowing ivory. Perhaps there is a path he follows, but he does not know.

A Messenger descends to the floor, and together, aware of each other in aeons past, they move along the high hallway-------together, a potential.

A cello-sound commemorates a hope, once wished for, never to be forgotten, now too distant as it augments the oboe and the flute. The Seeker and the Messenger stop to listen, seeing something, hearing more in the shadows between the ivory pillars. Something vague and memory-like moves sleepily in the deep shadow; something ghost-like, but more of dream than fear. We cannot see it, but the Seeker and the Messenger can. The cello-sound whispers away into silence. A fluttering of many wings tipples the avenues of light-------and for a brief time, the Seeker seeks overhead; the Messenger watches. The oboe and flute, in unison, are unhesitant, the continuous, the ever-present.

A Summer Wind enters from a door back along the high ivory hall and circles the Seeker swiftly from head to feet, twisting his cloth about him. For a moment, the Messenger is caught in the sweeping gust, and spins, near unbalance-------but regains itself. And floats to the floor at the Seeker's feet.

This participation reminds the Seeker of a story, and he reveals it to the watching Messenger.

He is filled with excitement. His hands draw outlines of young ideas in the space around them. There are steel-like kicks in the air -------and a harp-sound finds him. The Messenger watches. Taut skin sounds-------complex and rhythmic, tattoo and enunciate more precisely the passion of the harp.

He, the Seeker, pulls at long cords of the past; from between the pillars wild, impatient, selfish, and beautiful idea-forms are drawn toward him; some filled with resentment at being torn from memory; one glad to excite again; another, frail; one, awesome and staring fiercely between long fingers holding a sparkling tiara; each its own.

Some do not participate, but move as shadows might-------unattached.

As this is happening, the ivory pillars have begun to glow with internal light-------each blending with the other, but individual nonetheless; now they are becoming many tones as multi-colored light from the floor diffuses and mingles. Now the Seeker is moving through this light, his torso immersed in earth light from beneath him. The idea-forms are joining hands, and are moving around him-------all moving alike, all looking alike-------all seeming-------now-------as one. And all is light; growing broadening, expanding, overpowering, golden and white. Until at last-------as though one could see no more, there is so much to see-------all disappears in an instant; one flashing, nearbinding instant-------all is gone.

And black.

The only sound is that of the oboe and flute, in unison, inventing the never-repeated melody.

HUSH-------save the oboe-flute.

SOFT-------save the beating.

STILL------save the stirring.

Out of the hush, the soft, the still-------instantaneous, cold blue grows from the darkness as though an atom had burst in slow motion

-------as though an elemental had been persistently pressed upon from within-------as though an unsmiling laugh had emerged.

And in the center of harsh blue, teetering on a high pinnacle, a sharp rock shot into space-------a crystalline man _is_; waving his arms slowly, graphically moving his arms like a geometric octopus, human-brained, jerking at the wrists great chunks of matter in the forms of cubes and squares and triangles-------and a large circle seems to be the extent of his reach.

As the light encompasses this crystal form-------warm, pulsating, vibrant colors reveal on the earth beneath, in niches, on plateaus, at turnstiles, at wheels-------at desks, at books-------at machine labours -------at repose and activity-------forms of living creatures engaged in tasks of the man-world. Thus, the tool-maker hands to the wheel-spinner-------and the turnstile turns-------and the bookmaker writes, and the weaver weaves his cloth, handing it to a lady who waits beside a man in disguise-------and they, in turn, disappear-------and he, at the desk, compiles his raw statistics. And there is no sound, save the oboe and flute, in unison.

The crystalline man on the pinnacle speaks. He tells them below of the great ice age, and of the river-flowing history of the earth; of the movement of the soil, of birth and death, and decay-------and as his voice commends them to listen, pin-points of light steal into the vicinity where each one is. Some contain their same proportions always, others growing and receding like fire-flies in the twilight-----even so, imperceptibly, more light comes to them.

On the walls behind the crystalline man, the outlines of his story grow pictorially: the images of wild mountains, the stark faces of barbaric creatures peering from behind dark obstacles-------scaffolds, insurrections, retreats-------glorious advances-------movement of man through space, through light and sound, images of gods and demi-gods, of witches and poets and scholars-------and beautymakers.

The crystalline man's face is never revealed, for it is hidden by a mask.

The Messenger reappears, and with a loud cry, he rips the mask from his face, and the Seeker is revealed. He is the crystalline man.

The panorama on the sky behind him dissolves in colored chaos-----and, for a moment, it appears he might fall from his high balance. He feels naked without his mask. But, reassuring him, those below form a human ladder down which he carefully descends to the earth. As his feet touch the low point of his descent, the cello-sound and the harp-sound join again the music of the oboe and flute-------and as these ascend in contrapuntal accord, those who have aided him find themselves helplessly moving away-------backwards-------arms extending toward him and toward each other; until, silently, they slip into the shadows.

We are left alone with countless images as the light closes in around the Seeker and the Messenger-------and they, too, are finally gone. But it does not seem so dark. It does not seem so fierce a darkness-------for, the new music fills the deep imagination, as coming from one's own memory.

From far away the Seeker shall come-------and the Messenger shall come. And he shall be joined by others-------memories, new forms, ideas. And the ivory hallways will echo the sound of their soft-coming footfalls. From above, winds will tipple the avenues of diffused light. The cello-sound and the harp-sound will grow distant and more distant-------until, at last, the oboe and flute shall be the only continuum for the composite Seeker who does not know the heart of the secret, unrepeated melody, but shall sense it again.

He will lean again, his head and shoulders against an ivory pillar-------and hear a sound come from his shadows, and see a dream-ghost move far away-------moving out of sleep for a little time. And a warm Summer Wind will encircle him. He will compel with his strength the idea-forms to come and dance with him.

And the Messenger will watch without judgement, without need to know more, without fear of disconnection.

And he, Messenger, will deliver his message at last.

XVII

A pot; that's what this one's about. And a pan, as well? All right, a pot and a pan. More? We must have a spoon?

Very well.

This one's about a pot and a pan and a spoon.

Now, what shall we make?

We could boil polluted waters, and skim the scum with a spoon. With it make a bitter porridge for a giant toad.

We could bang on the pan, and call attention to our insanity as we argue about whether or not we shall have air to breathe.

Perhaps we could merely reveal the careful hands which make good pots, good spoons, good pans.

In the end we might have made a king-pin for a coupling, or silence in a kingdom of noise.

XVIII

our Constitution
our Bill of Rights
our leather belt
our nails of iron
our copper drain
our beaten hoofs
our magic land
our place
our sad and righteous liturgy
our life

XIX

This is an apparently empty, always present, now-place. A place like a wide, hollow, empty box energizing itself from within its walls. Beyond-------above, below, on all sides-------swift, precise activity is receding-------moving away to more distant outer boundaries within which the activity itself is eternally confined. The receding action is visible and audible; intensely, intricately organized, but impressing itself on the Stranger as chaotic violence-------bombarding bodies, light, and sound.

As all action on the outside diminishes-------from within, the space lights to full vermillion.

And there is no sound, save the ticking of a clock which increases in volume as the color grows in this empty place.

The clock is persistent and ponderous, its builder having believed that time is long.

A voice of a Stranger enters. It is a voice looking for a Place. The voice calls from a great distance-------

Hello-------

The sound soaring up, escaping his lips, and leaping into the darkness to fly as far as it may go. There is no echo; no answer.

It calls again-------

Hello-------

A heart-beat quickens, and counterpoints the clock-sound.

The Wheel-sounds spin away-------leaving nothing but purple space, a silver ball spinning to a standstill, a heart-beat, and a Stranger, prostrate.

He grows to his feet.

His head rocks back to peer overhead.

Hello-------

He speaks in a normal key.

An echo answers an echo answers an echo answers an echo------- and is silent.

Hello-------

An echo of an echo of an echo of an echo of an echo.

A base string-sound is left at the end of the last echo, then descends in bursts and crescendoes to a deep vertical point of pitch.

There the heart-beat is-------activated slightly, moving now at a faster beat-------but still irregular.

The stranger speaks again.

I am-------

Tympani roll up speedily, then diminish, and a choir of voices answers

I am-------

The contemplative sound, the contemplative music enters again.

Now the Stranger is moving. He walks slowly to the rhythm of the heart-beat toward a wall of the box.

One hand touches the wall. The other hand follows the first.

The voices help him as he searches the wall of the Room.

Whenever his hands, fingers moving and searching, touch------- the area is activated with light, and the tympani accentuate it for an instant.

The voices tell him the story of strangers-------how they come from darkness into the light, and half-blinded, search, as shadows, the knowledge of their Being. How circles are locked in circles, never-ending, immutable, but expanding secret circles.

As the chorus ascends with confidence, themselves re-vivified telling the tale, the Stranger moves about the Room, touching off explosions of light, revealing challenging dreams which move majestically, each image anticipating another.

He speaks to them.

The chorus has told its story. And it is finished.

And the Stranger is standing beneath the silver ball which begins to whirl-------accompanied by the entering whirring wheels, introduced in reverse of the order in which they came.

The dream-images are receding-------moving back into the mystery whence they came.

The light is purple again, then moving toward vermillion.

The Stranger is leaving the Room.

All sound is reversed. All light is reversed.

The ball is disappearing-------now, gone.

The snare drum-------

The heart-beat-------

The clock-sound beginning again. And outside-------at a distance, the voice-------

Hello-------

but going away from the box. A voice filled with anticipation and excitement, compelled to share.

Hello-------

This is an apparently empty, always present, now-place. A place like a wide, hollow, empty box energizing itself from within its walls. Beyond-------above, below, on all sides-------swift, precise activity is approaching-------moving away from more distant outer boundaries within which the activity itself is confined. The growing action is visible and audible; intensely, intricately organized-------and impressing itself on the Stranger as order, harmony-------unified, interlocked bodies, light, and sound.

XX

the meeting
of slow feet, of fast hands,
of wavering eyes, of dangerous tongues
the meeting
of drain pipes and ear mould,
of concrete paper money of dangling participles
in the half light of stern clocks running
behind time
the meeting
the late meeting
the dry hiccough in the hallway
and the filing desks shining in
the corner
the meeting

XXI

Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone;
Oh where, oh where can he be-------
With his tail cut short, and his ears cut long;
Oh where in the world can he be?

A Clown enters, bouncing a large rubber ball. It is a patchwork-ball of many colors, as though sewn together in momentary bursts of recognition. There are stars and moons. And spectacular effects which fizzle in sparks that were designed to leap out to the edge of darkness, but fell short-------and gasped in mid-air. There are round faces which bend and stretch on the soft rubber. And rocket-toys-------and streamers waving at the end of triangular wishes. The ball is a malleable surface of patched dreams.

The Clown's feet are large and flabby. And-------leaping and bouncing-------he comes into view from behind a structure representing precise mathematics. It is regular and mechanical, and humorous.

A sound of bowling balls speeding down their hardwood track accompanies the slow, ascending and descending rhythm of his bouncing ball-------the strike accentuating the contact the ball makes with the earth.

A slow burst of light accompanies the ball's ascension, in harmony with the speeding bowling ball-------and achieves its peak at the instant of the strike. The colors are pyrotechnic in the burst and strike.

Away from this place, and in rhythm with the bouncing ball-------are the sounds of numerous wind-instruments-------rising and falling cascades.

The Clown is personal and pleasing, stamping his flabby feet in complex movements as humorous and incongruous as he can make them. He cartwheels, teases, laughs at his fat ball-------floating up to the sky, then down to the earth.

At a point in the space toward which diagonal zigzagging straight lines converge-------he leaps and bounces the one bounce of all-------and slowly, the ball ascends out of view. And the sound is ended.

The light which was ascending with it-------halts-------and in slow motion, the pyrotechnic display dissolves into shimmering, soft colors.

And he sits on a crazy couch-------as one friendly, tired, and momentarily fulfilled.

From many points within the super-mechanical, mathematical structure-------and from other places originating in many quarters------- speed-walkers, arms high, elbows and arms pumping, feet moving from ball to heel, bodies rocking swiftly on well-coordinated hips-------speed-walkers move swiftly by the Clown, happily sprawled on his crazy couch. There are many-------and of various sizes and shapes, of many attitudes (of many colors and cloth) -------and all moving swiftly in personally-generated directions. Though they pass close to each other-------they do not touch, nor does any apparent token pass from one to another, except an occasional

Hello, how are you-------

the answer

Fine, how are you-------

being directed to the questioner even as the answerer is moving on toward his destination.

Occasionally, one hears such words as

twit-twit two-------

beautiful-------

profoundly moving-------

wow-------

to hell with it-------

how dear-------

ghastly-------

absolutely ridiculous-------
exceptionally understanding-------
pertinent-------
disgusting-------
forever-------
swell-------
enchanting-------
over a rainbow, ho-------
my word-------
terrific-------
somewhere, I lost it-------
I know a place-------
the baby-------
how didee doodee-------
skutleti addle di babble-------
there is someone-------
springing up out of the intricate movement being performed with such precision.

Paths criss-cross-------and the twain is never met. Occasionally, two paths are parallel-------and though the bodies are moving in similar directions, one is moving faster or slower than an other.

Observing the speed-walkers with graduated concentration, the Clown gathers himself together on the couch-------and almost before what he is doing is recognizable, he is copying their movements and their sounds.

Over and around, up and down the couch he moves, enjoying the occupation to the fullest-------then, leaping onto the earth, he approaches one-------and, following him off, apes him. On he comes again, copying another.

One by one, this begins to affect them, and, together-------the Clown and his subject-------begin to smile.

The sounds are slowing down to a less-hurried pace. The speed-walkers are becoming less speed-walkers, and, now and then, even attempt to join with the Clown in making fun of themselves-------and gently, warmly, beautifully-------the action becomes less strained, less tense.

As the sounds and the (once) speed-walkers are moving away-------the Clown is left dancing a carefully selected representation of the preceding display.

A single violin accompanies him.

He is alone as the great rubber ball descends from above.

And receiving it humbly-------he leaps and bounces away behind the massive structure, the sounds and the light as before.

As he disappears-------the sounds with him-------the light slowly dissolves into shimmering, soft colors of warm hearts' affections.

And the violin plays in the darkness-------it, too, finally whispering away into silence.

XXII

            small rivers join ocean; tree
forms speak anagrams, write hieroglyphics,
mingle with morning mists
            blond ponies mount the light
            snails crawl away, and dawn
turns to azure jelly
            another day between two drying
chunks of bread

XXIII

ARCHITECTURAL SPACE AND ELECTRONIC SURFACES OF THE HEAD AND BODY

Any who passes by will do so through ten discrete architectural/presentational spaces. The duration of his coming and going is about thirty minutes.

Let's play a game.

Assume we have all the technical and financial necessities available to us. (Anxiety overtakes the possibility of joy, so, we won't reflect upon that.)

Since the only available surfaces we have at the moment are our imaginations, it will have to be words that carry the experience. There are no other means.

Let's play the game all the long way. We not only have unlimited technical and financial facility -- we also have all the architectural space we want.

We don't, for instance, need anything the size of San Francisco, New York, or Chicago (though, God knows, that would be marvelous). Nor do we need even a place the size of a large exhibition hall. But to play this game, it will be more comfortable if we have 10 spaces at least equal to that required for bowling alleys.

A little more, perhaps. In width, a bowling alley and a half. In length, a bowling alley. And the largest of any discrete architectural/presentational space will not exceed this. Some will be less, but, proportionately, the same. That is to say, not as many cubic feet, but consistent with the larger shape, proportionally.

So, we have ten of these. A maze. And our composition will be their Ariadne's Thread.

In this way, every individual can be his own minotaur.

At the entrance to Cubature I an individual is given an attractive piece of paper, upon which is printed something like the following

> It may be true that for the artist whose material is centered in time his principal concern is for context. It is possible that context nurtures and creates content in time-centered art. However. action proceeding from such an artist's perception of context will, itself, be of a new order if this proposition can be verified. It may evolve and emerge for each who experiences these imagings as a personal and private vision; a vision

> which each of us contains, but one which is constantly blurred by the inevitable multitude which constitutes the passing contexts of our everyday lives.

One would want him to read it. But, if he elects not to, so be it

He has entered Cubature I

If we know how to, it would be good for us to have composed this portion so that he will pass through it in about 3½ minutes.

In each cubature we have employed our technology to afford us optimum compositional control of visual and acoustic surfaces.

Naturally, we have had to leave his head, his eyeballs, his ears, and his body to himself.

But we have tried to arrange our facility so that through sight and sound we can invite him to follow our lead. We must be able to whisper in his ear, to tell him there is something to look at in precise places we have chosen.

Something else: in all the cubatures there are three dimensional matters composed of other than electronic materials. And we must choose them very carefully. For, they are works of art as well.

We will light from without as well as from within. And what we light must be moving and provocative.

What is important now:

is that we try to come

together in another new place we've never been.

Simultaneity is impossible to write. Yet simultaneity is precisely the activity that occurs in each of these cubatures. Mostly, everything overlaps. Many inputs are outputting all at once. How do we write a mix? We don't. That's exactly why a mix is a mix and not a write.

So, this is what I'm going to try to do:

describe certain three-dimensional phenomena
describe certain electrical phenomena
describe some hearing

and offer certain discrete statements, quotations, statistical data, etc.

It is reasonable that some or all of this may not be to your taste. But whether or not it is, or you replace anything with something else -- each of us has to mix it alone. At this point in our evolving.

It's this question that is important: how do we get away from pretense or performance and still present something in someplace other than someone's living room?

the sound of them, the sound
of their brass
hands clapping
thumb and forefinger juxtaposed

Words:

if we were not to ask for everything, why were we given life?
will some one speak first? will some one say "no" slowly?
I know only what has been given me. I have no other knowledge.

a catalog of generations.
who composed the army that maimed this place?
there is no performance here except your own
if you will not be my brother I will kill you
and the brass oarlocks tippling in the light
and the walls pulsing
and the sound of tinkling mingling with waters

Words:

It hath been told thee, O man, what is good,
And what the Lord doth require of thee;
Only to do justly, and to love mercy,
And to walk humbly with thy God.
Micah 6:8

Their land also is full of idols:
Everyone worshippeth the work of his own hands,
That which his own fingers have made.
Isaiah 2:8

Who is Jeremiah that he must haunt us so?

Cubature I sea, oceans, waters, brine

3:30
It's either the smallest or the largest of the spaces. Who knows?
(macrocosm/microcosm)
bridges from land to land, from moving to not-moving
pips, squeeks, bumps, bites, snarls, hisses, whispers, whirs
scratches, nudges
and all the sounds of all the waters, drop by drop,
swoosh by swush, giggle by gaggle,
tides, beaches

and slow winds uninterrupted yet

electric images glow
and sweep
erratically around the room

a stew of living matter here
there
                                        another place
bare, brown feet walk along a wall
                        a-spear-is-flung-a-fish-is-dead

in the center of the cubature two brass oarlocks dangle, and all around their shape is repeated, reformed, studied, lifted out and returned to trees, to slingshots, to crutches, to gunwales

Cubature II   Rock (the land, the land, the planet)

2:00 A three dimensional rock sculpture stands in this place. It is huge and simple. And Rock.

The floor is rough and gravelly. And here and there it gets in the way. And people get pissed off in Cubature II. (for God sakes, Maude, if you should go, don't wear high heels)

There is no pretense about this floor. We put the earth there, the gravel there, the rock there. Just as we put the concrete where we did.

We carried that stuff up from the beach and dumped it there.

You walk through it, brother; it's your turn.

But on the walls, above and below eye level -- it's a different matter. It's electric matter. And there we've tried to grasp in electronic imaging, the essence of rock, the essence of plants that grow out of its crushing leftover, the essence of trees. And, perhaps, one carefully chosen flower that mixes all over and around the place.

Sounds: whatever they are, it would be nice if
they poured over and around the sound of rock.

What, God, what does a rock sound?

And rotten rock, and falling rock,

And a lot of statistics; not what we've come to call ecological statistics. Statistics about the size of things, the weight of things, the height of things. Not value stuff. Just dumb, silent, big, heavy, incomprehensible, imponderable, unbelievable stuff.

Like: rock melts at such and such a temperature

Mt. Everest weighs such and such

Most of the planet is melted rock, and it
boils at so many feet below the skin of
our home.

there ain't no rock airplanes

rock me to sleep

(stuff like that)

Words: Shall I tell you what I hear?
This ancient sound now, this

present then; this present then
so ancient now.

Shall we re-enter the cave to restore
ourselves?

A holy war? Butterflies must be
night, and carved of rock

If I do not see this beauty for
myself, I will not have a way
of believing it from another

This brilliant sunlight. These
disasters made by men. Oh,
this sad and glorious earth!

Is there no possibility of a unique
and inner law uniting us?

Cubature III Wood

2:00

The floor is constructed of wood with the grace of a Kabuki stage, and the air space between, so we may hear our feet moving in relationship to one another. (That is the hand-shaped wood)

The other wood in this place is not shaped by human hand.

it's shaped by a beaver's jaws

by a wood pecker's beak

by termite's chewing

and all the walls are an electronic manifestation of this.

images chomp

and images chew
and images peck

and beautiful images build beautiful floors, but beautiful trees make beautiful lumber. And beautiful trees must die.

and saws grind away
and axes chop

and the sound all down very low so that
we can hear our feet moving across the
beautiful floors

and the sound of feet walk across our heads. Or run across. But just enough so we must look up to see.

And there's nothing to see up there, but a light bulb, a great big light bulb that blinks on and off as the footsteps pass by overhead

Words: When people are beautiful, it is so wonderful to be together

To be beautiful is, itself, a celebration

And to do what one knows how to do best -- and be beautiful -- that is marvelous, indeed

If you will not be my brother I will kill you.

Cubature IV String, twine, rope, cable, chain

2:00 Upon entering this space, one must have the feeling from the beginning that as he traverses the long distance from the entrance to exit, he will surely be tied hand and foot.

Somewhat, perhaps, as one feels when walking through underbrush and one's face becomes wrapped in a web. Or in an attic. Or, an old, musty basement. Or, in a stairwell at night.

There is a sculpted figure in this space. And it is repeated. It's constructed of lengths of tying-together, linking together stuff. And it moves. It seems it almost moves about. Or, our moving about moves it about. And from the moment we come upon it until the moment we leave, we are confronting it.

Words: Is time knowledge?
And relative movement experience?

If I cannot, how does someone do it
for me?

What did he mean when he said, "this
work is finished?"

There is an antique elephant's necklace that hangs in our home. It's beautiful, it's heavy, it's unthinkable.

Even for an elephant. Though it is ceremonial ornamentation, there is no question about it's being a chain.

chains, strings, cable, rope:
They're utterly transient stuff.
What's a cable for? It's something that's made
so that two immovables can give. Give? Immovables?

Same with rope, string -- any of that stuff. We want
to tie things up, but we want to be able to free them
from their bindings.

If we weave the stuff we get something stronger than
when we began.

Maybe we might give everyone a rope, and say,
"skip it."

A piece of anything to tie anything up with -- whoever invented that must have been close to the same one who invented the wheel.

That's us.
All that's us.
We did that.

I don't want my boat to go adrift, but I don't want my hands tied either. Or my ankles.

Can I have them both, or must I give up one?

The excruciating duality of discovery.

Sound: what is being heard is an accumulation of dynamics from entry to exit. All grounded in the theme of tensing these tying-together things more and more. Nothing ever breaks or snaps, but it sounds like we're close to it when we leave the place

But that's not only what one hears. We also hear little clusters of secretive phrases that are whispered -- almost on the run and certainly on the sly.

And the words are the ones we don't say until we draw close to the edge of sanity. And they burst out all over the doctor.

Have you ever noticed how profanity never passes that nice person's lips until he/she goes insane? And then a mule skinner wouldn't have such a mouth.

Visual electronic surfaces in Cubature IV are sparse, erratic, muffled (do you know what a muffled drum is?), but not dark.

They cluster together, and run away when you come too close.

It's that goddamned sculptural
Whatever that dominates this space

Maybe words crop up on monitor faces.

Dienbienphu
Phom-Penh

Bloody Gap
Authorize

Mother

Cubature V   Transparancies (glass, plastic, etc)

2:00 It commences by one's nearly colliding with a wall -- even though all the rest is in front there.

It ends by turning a corner, and seeing yourself.

The experience of this place is all represented and reflected. And from the moment you enter until you leave, there is no way to get away from images of yourself.

You can be narcissistic if you like, but you're in an echo chamber.

any image you put in gets doubled, trebled, quadrupled.

the only way to get out of this is to go back. And if you turn around to go back you'll meet yourself coming toward you.

You can make it still if you stand still
and get others to do likewise.

The only way to stop these visual surfaces
is to stop dead.

THE ROOM IS LIVE!

Watch someone else, and you'll discover
He's watching you.

Just imagine 100 videcons connected to 100 monitors.
On Relay. On Delay. On Play.

Now, that's one way to say

TURN ON

The sounds are different, though; they're of another place. And snatched from privacy. All private and natural.

like

in latrines
in doorways
in vestibules
in communal kitchens
or showers
or beds
or funeral rooms
or buying tickets
or persuading lovers

                                        or receiving gifts
                                    or babbling in rage
                            like
                                real time, but played back

(if you do go, Maude, for God's sake look neat, at least.
Why, there was a close-up of my mouth that turned up all
over the place. But you should have seen Harry's tongue.
In a second, it was everywhere)

And the sound of the private voices, the reflections and representations of the private pictures won't cease until you leave this place.

It is not only electronic surfaces. It is reflective surfaces, as well.

It's above, below, and all around.

But the sound is always the private sounds of private voices in private places.

And if you try to speak to the one beside you, he can barely hear you. You have to get your lips up very close to his ear.

And if you do, a monitor's surface, or a reflective surface somewhere will look like someone's kissing someone.

Words: if you will not be my brother I will kill you.

Cubature VI — the mechanical principle

3:00

it don't necessarily
happen this way: it's
simply that somehow
we decided.
And we have to get
out from under it.

The sun rises and sets a lot

clocks tick a lot

the moon comes and goes

tides rise and fall a lot

seasons pass

calendars change pictures about
selling

Happy New Year

Somewhere in all this there has to be a big red apple.

And it's got to fall on Newton's head.

Picasso (to sec.): What's an apple for?

Sec (to Pablo): It's to eat

Picasso: Then, why do we try to paint it?

In this cubature somehow the participant has got to be taught a lot.

There's a psychologist in someplace like Harvard who can teach a pigeon to bowl in seven minutes by ringing bells, punishing, rewarding, and all that.

So, if he has seven minutes with a pigeon, and we have three minutes with a human, we have to take advantage of the difference in the size of the brain.

> (What is a pigeon-brain anyway?)
>
> And what we have to teach him is this --
>
> There's another way to connect up stuff than in series.
>
> In a nutshell, the mechanical principle (as we might call it) is that if one thing breaks down, it all breaks down.
>
> Well, that's a description of the way wheels and pistons work.
>
> But, it is not the way an organism functions.
>
> If we decide it's all about wheels and pistons, the description will stand for a long while. If we decide it's about organisms, then we got to move on. Right on.
> (that's Cubature VII, but we have to
> be clear about where we're taking them.)

Just for fun, since we're journeying down this road together, someone might volunteer to make a report on what the Chairman of the Bank of America chooses to have as a hobby. There is probably more information packed in that than in any expert assessment of the state of the Big Board in the New York Stock Exchange when bidding opens at noon tomorrow.

And surely it is closer to Einstein than to Newton.

Talk about ecological balance: -there was this fellow who decided to rob this bank. And the door was made of some synthetic, transparant material. He whacked the lock, and the door disappeared right before his eyes. The only trace was some metal junk on the street at his feet.

And a tiny, thin line of white dust -- straight across the opening.

You get the right dog and the right bridge all meeting at the right temperature, and you may find a dog swimming for the beach.

Is there anything more incomprehensible than there being enough nuclear power stockpiled so that it amounts to, perhaps, a dozen tons of TNT for every man, woman and child on the planet?

And all as security against a war?

We're stuck among wheels and pistons.

We got to get out of that.

It's time.

We know enough to put value where it is: wheels and pistons are beautiful.

Universe and living organisms are better. And more beautiful. And more to the point we all have to deal with every time we decide in favor of getting out of bed in the morning.

We've got our passers-through in Cubature VI. The mechanical principle.

When we move around this place, the walls look like exquisite ice.

But, no castles.

No swans melting. Or giant carp melting. Just exquisite ice. Clean. Pure. Capable of holding in suspended moment a living organism.

How many of us make judgements and decisions while we ramble along?

And if so, what has that got to do with machine principles?

So much of what we discard -- or fail to remember -- represents the truth of exactly where we're at.

Still in Cubature VI.

The walls look like exquisite ice.

But, the ice rusts.

In the center of this space there is a living sheep. That's the sculpture for now.

A living sheep. Not just any old one, but one of those beauties that are raised by very pink cheeked, healthy 4H Club girls. It would be beautiful if she was there, also; but it's unlikely we could ever work that out. It would be beautiful, because the vibrations from this young lady would actually bring things together.

Have you ever stopped to reflect on these fine young girls and their perfect sheep? See, this is a blue-ribbon winner. Our sheep is the best-of-show.

Why her emanations would be so lovely is that she won and her sheep won. And the prize was that she didn't have to sell it to a perfect stranger at $14 a pound for mutton chops.

Anyway, it's unlikely we can get the girl, but we can certainly get the sheep.

And a lot of people will feel good about all that.

So, a living, perfectly bred prize-winning sheep is our sculpture for this place.

And our sculpture dwells in a transparant sphere mounted in a gyroscopic mechanism of some sort. Everyone is invited to move the sphere, but no matter what kind of force they apply, or in which direction, the sheep is always comfortably balanced on the plane of the floor.

And the floor is laid of the kind of material Busby Berkeley employed in those extravagant dance numbers for those Ruby Keeler movies in the 30's.

Maybe the sphere isn't a sphere, but a transparant apple. I don't know.

When anyone touches this object -- (and so perfectly balanced it is, that a little finger of a child can move it) -- music-box music is heard. Tinky, stringeley music-box music. "Rockabye Baby", no doubt.

Now, the electronic surfaces are all about this sheep.

From birth to carcass.

Those are the sights and sounds of this place mixed with the sporadic, spontaneous, chancy music of a music-box.

Words: Rivers of waters pass through me. I am woven of threads for you. Will you let your eyes follow mine in this careful time?

Here is a celebration of sacrifice preceded by our ancient, grazing ancestors. Rest, procreation, and feeding. Then the sacrifice of celebration. Then, all serene again. Purged.

Grazing, feeding, procreating, resting. And the sacrifice out there -- that distant there.

These tall grasses, these distant grasses beyond that open, sunlit field.

What is a nation and who is the holy soil, the sacrificed? And what does this have to do with the possibility of birth?

Any miracle is authentic. And is one.

Is there no possibility of a unique and inner law uniting us?

If we understand motion, movement, and speed in technological terms, what keeps us from understanding these phenomena in personal terms?

If I cannot, how does someone do it for me?

Your beauty is so precise. If I reach out, will I find you? Are you there, that is?

Thou hast made us as outcasts and refuse in the midst of the people.

To exit Cubature VI, one has to pass through a Rube Goldberg old, dirty joke.

The sort that tickles you
and you almost die laughing

as you pass through wheels and pistons

Perhaps the exciting surface is a life-size monitor representing your approach.

Words: "And as we exit, we pass through ourselves."

Cubature VII the organic principle

3:30

Words:
--What did you have for lunch?
--D'ya have a good weekend?
--Hiya --
--Did you watch the Sunday Movie last night?
--I think there's no other reason in the world for --
--I don't know; I'm so --
--One thing I'm sure of --
--Johnny Carson's no different than you and me when you get right down to it.
--What's so strange about the truth?
--That's the way I always --
-- I don't know. I just don't know.
--Wow.
--So, who are you?
--I was walking down the street, see --
--Oh, God, it was awful. Just awful.
--Let me tell you something....
--It happens so many times I think I invented it.
--Nobody asks me to save my money anymore. Why is that?
--Oh, I dunno----
--Maybe, maybe, maybe
--Perhaps you're right. On the other hand.....
--Thank God it's Friday.
--Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't.
--What's so great about ----

this is a gallery

A painting gallery
A sculpture gallery

it is spacious
and cool
and there are handsome leather settees to sit on
and guards moving on small wheeled platforms, looking at their watches.
paintings hang. you study one. Suddenly, it's
hanging alongside the one you were studying. And a new
one has replaced the first. you might turn to discover
that it is also across the room at the far end, but larger.
each hanging painting is clearly, discretely different from
the other.
there is no confusion about which is which; it's
just that, how can they be studied if they move from
place to place?
it's quiet and cool and distant and the guards are looking
at their watches.
the fact is, the hanging, moving pictures
are quite beautiful
A typewriter taps in the distance
A phone rings, a secretary orders lunch for her boss and herself.
with a pickle.
And the beautiful paintings chug along

One, the most beautiful of all, occasionally takes over. And all the paintings are that one. And it's difficult to believe

(This Cubature is going to get crowded. It's going to be very difficult to get folks to move through this one. Our cycle is 3½ minutes. But, we got to figure a way to scramble it, because people are not going to want to leave. Can we entice them with a reward?)

And there are classical, kinetic sculptures. They make sounds. And each one is reaching out to communicate. The closer our visitors physically approach them, the more audible and sensible the conversation.

These are classical, kinetic, sculptural communicators.

With messages.

Never statistics. Messages with warm and personal content.

And the leather settees are fine to sit on. But, if one does -- the sculptures are far away. And cannot be heard.

One sound that frequently crops up among the
sculptures is made of the word "touch"
but when that sound is heard, it's long and lush
and composed of tongue and air

Words:

See this miracle of one line, one stroke which marks him?
Why do we say he is gone?

Whose smiling rests in this sculptured face?

The slave, the king, the emperor, the president are free.
All children sit down in the midst of play and study this
clay.

shall we re-enter the cave to restore ourselves?

What is a nation ----?

Who dares the isolation?

We will surprise the light with a new one of our own, and be authentic. Any authenticity will do; just one to rally 'round, to use as plumb. If speed of light be constant, we'll find another for companion. They will be one together. They and we will be one.

Who will be the first to think at the speed of light?

A typewriter taps in the distance

A phone rings

A door is inadvertantly slammed shut.

Cubature VIII   dwelling place

4:00

three-dimensional objects in this room are of the

home, or in this home are of the room, or-----

and each is lived in, or on ----

someone must have just got out of that bed

that refrigerator door is open; close it or

the temperature will rise

What is the title of that book resting on

the arm of that chair?

is that table Heritage-Henrodon?

there's a plastic pillow

there's a hand-woven one

now, that's exactly the candelabra I was telling you about

if we were to invest in a larger sofa, that's the kind I want

this space is lit for a home
every portion of it is lit the way it is a home
that is, such is

the case if you stay away from it. It's all there in the center.

Arranged
If you disturb it, it fights back
You disturb it when you get too close
You have to learn this
For, when it fights back, it's embarrassing
It's obscene

Electronic surfaces in this Cubature are all concentrated

amongst the home furnishings in the center of the space

except for the acoustics of the outer walls --

(we'll come to them in a moment)

And all this sculptured group is separated from

the space around by the raised and sculptured

island upon which it rests.

Words:

If you will not be my brother I will kill you.

back along the edge -- at the wall -- the sounds are an orchestration of all that has been heard until now. Wherever our visitor moves, he will be reminded of where he's been. But through his ears, his bones, his skin.

There is only the island to watch.

Cubature IX   Sacred Remnant
4:00

the sculptural elements here
are the people themselves.
light them with care, for they
are beautiful, as well
and we move
only death stills us now

tiny appearances of violet, purple and orchid
amongst sienna, burnt umber,
orange, and rich browns,
and, occasionally, grays

> To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of goats.
>
> Isaiah 1:10-11

> And when you spread forth your hands, I will hide Mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgement, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.
>
> Isaiah 1:15-17

Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of Me;
And that form projects, but not of My Spirit, that may add sin to sin;

Isaiah 30:1-2

In sitting still and rest shall ye be saved,
In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength;
And ye would not.

Isaiah 30:15-16

the "end of days"

the wolf shall lie down with the lamb
the leopard shall couch with the kid
...And a little child shall lead them.
...the suckling shall play at the den of the asp
...they shall not hurt or destroy in all My holy mountain,
For the land will be full of knowledge of the Lord
As the waters cover the sea.

Isaiah 11:6-9

...They shall beat their swords into plowshares,
And their spears into pruning hooks;
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war anymore.

Isaiah 2:4

ectasy in serenity; a sweet and yearned-for
pain transformed to love

For as Isaiah understood, there can be no redemption for man unless he conquers self-deification. He must abandon the worship of his own creations, and liberate himself from his lust for power, avarice, domination, and the cult of the state. There can be no redemption until man recognizes his moral obligation as transcendent and divine. No form of government, no level of material well-being, will save man. He will be redeemed only when 'towers fall, and Jerusalem triumphs over Babylon.'

What is at stake, finally, is not only intelligence but feeling. Man has to change his heart. Salvation, the prophets tell us, is preconditioned by repentance. The redeeming act of God waits upon man's initiative.
Abba Eban

again and again. and yet again

in a rich, sweeping sphere of circles we flow and
merge as honey rivers

love the word, yet overtake it

overcome

The sixth century (BC)

Confucius
Lao-tze
Buddha
Pythagoras
Isaiah
Jeremiah
Ezekiel
Zoroaster

Sacred remnants

rocks and stones
the sound of bells

An eye, a very special eye whose pupil moves, but imperceptibly out of stillness;
An eye which never appears distinctly, but vaguely reveals itself through folds and motions -- and in sizes and propor-

tions 3x4.
and throughout the fields, on various planes

were Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Elijah, and Isaiah present; and the medium were theirs. But not as explosion; as a reminder; an evolving; a re-revelation. A continuing. A privacy to return to. A vision to enter and within which to embrace and love oneself.

pay attention

serenity is interrupted by terrifying noises of the contemporary world;
        interrupted, but to be continued.
the awful sound of a military jet approaching and leaving.
As it passes overhead, the eye appears, the pupil moves ever so slightly

the sound of a fist punching in terrible, steady blows to the flesh

the cocking of a gun

cameras pan, not only objects of experience, but images mixed on the surface, as well; images of those objects being, or previously, recorded texture

unsentimental texture

texture; not symbols and signs

images will not "stand for"; images are

for me, the image does not represent; it is

make not the objects of life; make love

not the apple; its eating

save the children

rain on the surface; not rain falling.
rain being the wetness of growing;
and warm against the face and eyes

save the children

taste our tasting

Words: What is an acceptable human being?

Reflect upon the demonic aspects of the mind.

Speak to strangers

We continually need. Yet, we destroy what we need.

the dancers inherit the party

children gather at the cavern's mouth in silent
recognition.

The smell of man's nature is acrid and sharp, bringing
tears to our eyes.

the cup of possibility

Holy vessels are fired in solitude

What shall we build?

We nourish eagles, kiss the tail feathers of doves

I want to discover daisies in that violent burst
of orange smoke and flame

Some wrinkle over with waiting

inner eyes stare from behind closed lids

to perceive with clarity is to be impaled on a paradox

oh, this tortured and joyous Jerusalem

we dangle in clusters in dark shafts, our faces painted
and masked

flowers are paper

butterflies like soldiers

we are marking the sky and moving away

a light twinkles at the far front of the tunnel; it is
a soft ice cream stand

if we were not to ask for everything, why were we given
life?

how absurd it is that to do the right thing is absurd

poetry in scars

secular appointments in a holy schedule

all because we, seeking, chanced to look each other's way,
and forgot to whisper, "beloved!"

we die between each heartbeat. And where is now?

a witness is among us

will someone say no?

how often the disparate is the vision

who will acknowledge the earlid?

serenity images for seeing:

sherry droplets on the glass, with sherry surface as part of background.

male and female hands against the texture of male and female legs; male fingers tending toward the location of the knee; female fingers tending toward the inner thigh and groin.

the movement of an eye tenderly reflective, seeing something in a small field; concentrating and attentive.

drawing figures in the sand with a finger, a stick, a cartridge, a tool, a piece of paper, a piece of food

water at the prow of a canoe. And at its wake

butter melting in a pam

honey pouring on velvet

What did Helen Keller see? What did she hear?

Here is a constitutive moment

Cubature X — air
4:00

Nothing here worth more than air

volumes of distance
and air

one simple, three-dimensional electronic
Something is the only occupant
and the sound worth caring about is drawn gently from the space
between two reaching out hands

I was walking the streets of Jerusalem. The language of Jerusalem is Hebrew. I noticed a girl of about ten, or so, approaching me. The buildings on both sides of our walkway were pocked and parched with leftover messages of a vicious war amongst brothers. As we came closer to one another, we both wished to say something, but we each knew we did not know the other's language. Being older, knowing there were a number of solutions, I was silenced with indecision. Apparently, she had a few words of my language. So, as we came alongside one another, she laughed openly, and said the word she was sure was the one we both wanted.

With all the sweetness of the first hello, she said
"Goodbye"
And, there, apparently self-conscious of her daring,

she ran.

And I turned.

And she, turning, glanced over her shoulder.

And we both waved.

> That sound mixed with the former, sound composer ----; the sound of what she meant to say hello when she said goodbye.

XXIV

a ceremony for the dead who dwell
in the searing light of noon, who live a-
mongst us nonetheless; the belt-walker man-
agers, the dream-takers, the mollusks of men;
the dead who die laughing at ceremonies for
the dead who dwell in the searing light of
noon

who will never welcome the sun

The National Center for Experiments in Television is a group of artists, technicians and scholars engaged in developing tools and practices for creative television and studying the image-based experiences in man's individual and social life. Its formal activities -- research, training and the making of the videotaped works -- are interrelated in this ongoing search. The Center is principally supported by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and the Rockefeller Foundation. The National Endowment for the Arts has also made grants for Center activities. It is associated with public television station KQED, San Francisco, and is located at 288 7th Street, San Francisco, California 94103. Director: Brice Howard. Executive Director: Paul Kaufman.

Videospace, the first volume in this series of thoughts by Brice Howard, was published in April, 1972.

design and illustration/William Roarty